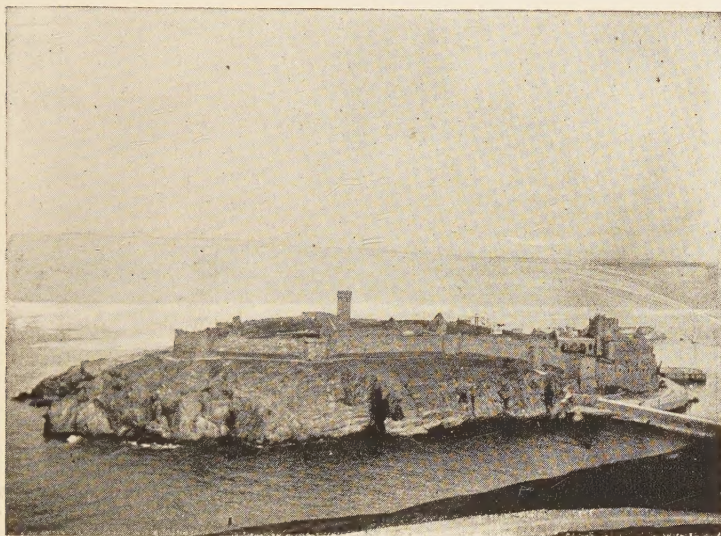


Methodist Magazine and Review.

JUNE, 1900.

IN MANXLAND.

BY THE REV. R. BUTTERWORTH AND C. HAIGHT.*



PEEL CASTLE, ISLE OF MAN.

John Wesley says of the Isle of Man, in the eighteenth century: "It is shut up from the world, and, having little trade, is visited by scarce any strangers." But to him it was a demi-paradise. "It is supposed to contain near thirty thousand people" (this is too high by ten thousand at that time), "remarkably courteous and humane. A more loving, simple-hearted people than this I never saw. And no wonder, for they have but six Papists and no Dissenters in the island."

* Abridged in part from the *Christian Miscellany*, London, Wesleyan Conference Office.

Of the capital, the Journals say: "Douglas exceedingly resembles Newlyn in Cornwall, both in its situation, form, and buildings, only it is much larger, and has a few houses equal to most in Penzance." The growth and popularity of Douglas have invalidated this comparison, save as to the situation of the two places, both standing on the shores of a beautiful bay with a background of hills. On his second visit to the chief town of the island Wesley wrote: "Before dinner we took a walk in a garden near the town, wherein any of the inhabitants of it may walk. It is wonderfully pleasant, yet not so

pleasant as the gardens of the Nunnery (so it is still called), which are not far from it. These are delightfully laid out, and yield to few places of the size in England."

This walk is yet a favourite with crowds of visitors, especially as they take it on their way to Kirk Braddan, one of the oldest churches in the island. The interior of Man delighted our traveller: "I was greatly surprised at the country. All the way from Douglas to Castletown is as pleasant and as

where they had a few trees to shade them."

Of Castletown he writes: "It a good deal resembles Galway, only it is not so large. At six I preached near the castle." The first foundation of this old fortress dates from 960, its builder being King Godred. "In the centre is the keep, flanked with towers. Formerly there was a moat outside the walls, to protect which Cardinal Wolsey erected a glacis, in which there were three round towers, now

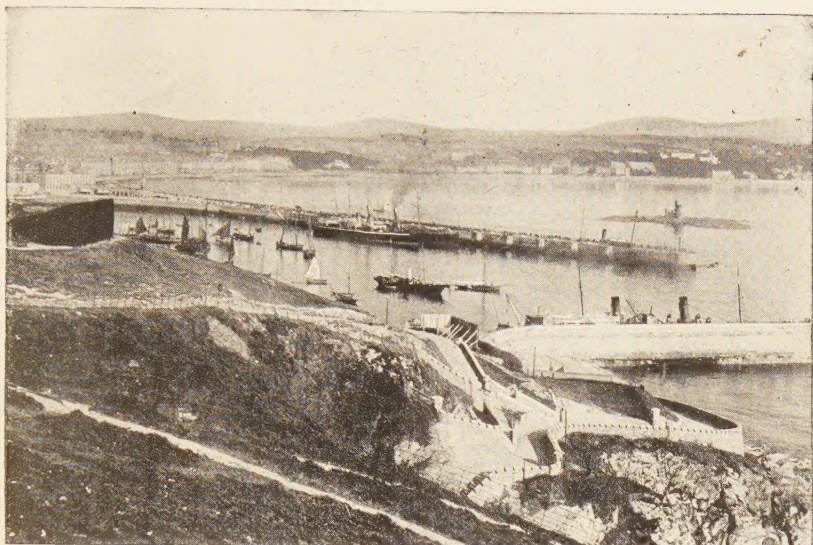


VIEW FROM PEEL CASTLE.

well cultivated as most parts of England, with many gentlemen's seats." He repeats this praise when taking this journey another time, and records this curiosity of natural history: "All the day I observed, wherever I was, one circumstance that surprised me. In England we generally hear the birds singing morning and evening, but here thrushes and various other kinds of birds were singing all day long. They did not intermit even during the noonday heat,

in ruins. The visitor will have a cell pointed out, in which Bishop Wilson was confined, and a room occupied by the Countess of Derby when detained prisoner by Cromwell's soldiers."

On Whit-Sunday, 1781, the great evangelist "preached at Barewle on the mountains." This well known eminence, 1,842 feet high, commands a fine view of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, and is surrounded by attractive scenery; the glen of that name being "a



DOUGLAS, ISLE OF MAN.

lovely nook of soft and sylvan beauty." On another occasion he "rode through and over the mountains to Beergarrow," where he ministered to "an artless, loving congregation," and then proceeded to Bishopscourt, where good Bishop Wilson resided near threescore years.

This mansion, which figures so notably in Hall Caine's "Deemster," is thus described by Wesley: "There is something venerable, though not magnificent, in the ancient palace; and it is undoubtedly situated in one of the pleasantest spots of the island." The picture may be completed by a later hand: "Bishop's Court—a long castellated building, half hidden by thick groves of oak, ash, and elm trees—has been the episcopal residence from the earliest times. The present building is on the site of a very ancient palace in which Bishop Simon lived in the thirteenth century."

But Mona's most historic scene is the ancient fortress of Peel, once the abode of the Lords of Man. In

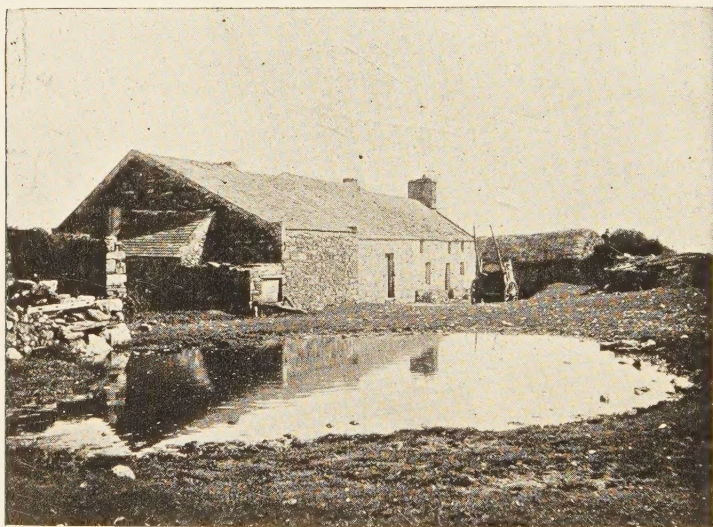
the Journals it is written: "The old castle at Peel (as well as the cathedral built within it) is only a heap of ruins. It was very large and exceeding strong, with many brass guns; but they are now removed to England." The poet and novelist have described this haunted spot; but no description surpasses that given by Sir Walter Scott:

"Sodor or Holm-Peel occupies the whole of a rocky peninsula, or rather an island, for it is surrounded by the sea at high water. The whole space is surrounded by double walls of great strength and thickness; and the access to the interior, at the time we speak of, was only by two flights of steep and narrow steps, divided from each other by a strong tower and guard-house, under the former of which there is an entrance arch. The open space within the walls extends to two acres, and contains many objects worthy of antiquarian curiosity. There were, besides the castle itself, two cathedral churches, dedicated, the earlier

to Saint Patrick, the later to Saint Germain; besides two smaller churches, all of which had become, even in that day, more or less ruinous. . . . Besides these four ruinous churches the space of ground inclosed by the massive exterior walls exhibited many other vestiges of the olden time"—a moat, one of those singular towers so common in Ireland, and several Runic monuments.

"In this castle the great king-maker Richard, Earl of Warwick,

He preferred to describe its natural features. From Kirk Andrew he rode through a pleasant and fruitful country to Ramsey, "about as large as Peel, and more regularly built." Next day his pleasure reached its height: "We rode through the most woody, and far the pleasantest, part of the island—a range of fruitful land lying at the foot of the mountains, from Ramsey, to Kirk Michael. Here we stopped to look at the plain tombstones of those two good men,



A MANX COTTAGE.

was confined. . . . And here, too, Eleanor, the haughty wife of the good Duke of Gloucester, pined out in seclusion the last days of her banishment." Few readers of the "Deemster" can forget the interview between the good bishop and his son in the fearsome dungeon beneath the castle chapel; none can forget the gruesome legend of the "spectre hound," the Maathe Dhoo; and every visitor now desires to see Fenella's Tower.

But the historic mood was not upon Wesley when in Mona's isle.

Bishop Wilson and Bishop Hildesley, whose remains are deposited, side by side, at the end of the church."

In his "Manxman" Hall Caine speaks with the enthusiasm of a native on the beauties of the valley through which Wesley rode: "Sulby Glen is winding, soft, rich, sweet, and exquisitely beautiful. A thin thread of blue water, laughing, bubbling, brawling, whooping, leaping, gliding down from the mountains; great boulders worn smooth and ploughed hollow by the wash

of ages ; wet moss and lichen on the channel walls ; deep, cool dubbs ; tiny reefs ; little cascades of boiling foam ; lines of trees like sentinels on either side, etc."

The church of Kirk Michael which our traveller saw exists no longer, a new one having been built near the old site in 1835 ; but a part of the ancient chancel is still standing near the grave of Bishop Wilson, and contains a tablet to the memory of "the good bishop."

In taking leave of the Isle of

Fair shores of Mona ! fond remembrance
hallows
Your changing scenes through mist, and
sun, and shade ;
A cherished dream of beauty unforgotten,
Till life itself shall from your minstrel
fade !

"The Isle of Man," says Mr. Can-niff Haight, "lies in the northern part of the Irish Sea, and is nearly equidistant from England and Ireland and the south of Scotland. It is about thirty-three miles long and twelve miles wide. The loftiest elevation is Snaefell, which rises

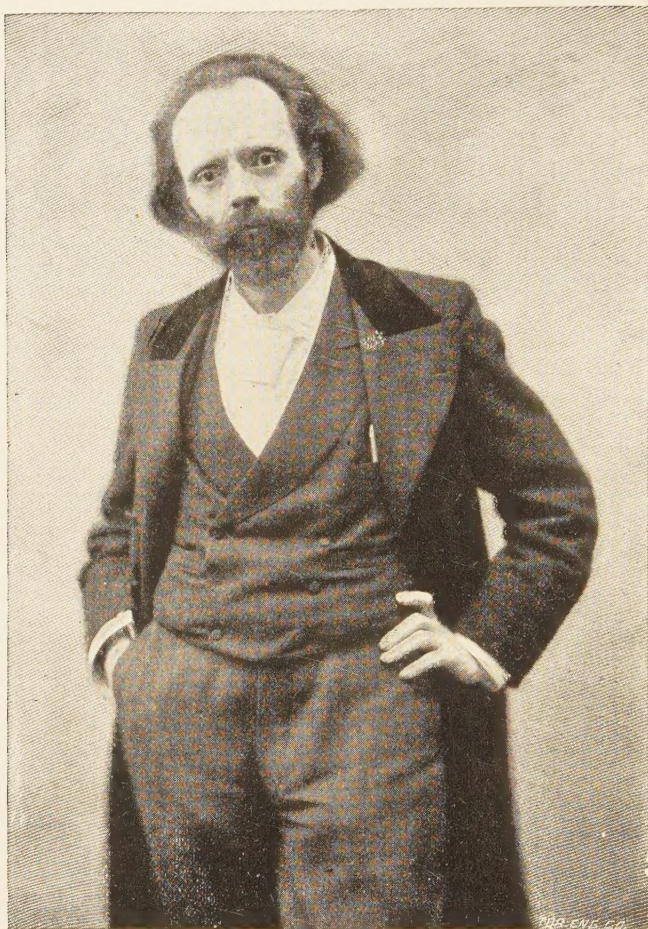


IN PEEL HARBOUR, ISLE OF MAN.

Man Wesley says : "Having now visited the island round, east, south, north, and west, I was thoroughly convinced that we have no such circuit as this either in England, Scotland, or Ireland. . . The natives are a plain, artless, simple people ; unpolished—that is, unpolluted ; few of them are rich or genteel ; and far greater part moderately poor ; and most of the strangers that settle among them are men that have seen affliction."

2,024 feet above the sea. The fine scenery of the mountains has been made more accessible by the construction of a series of roads, commanding at many points views unsurpassed in the kingdom for picturesqueness and variety.

"In many respects this island is unique and interesting beyond any other of the British Isles. Its laws, its customs, its system of government are in the main quite different from those of the neighbouring islands of Great Britain. Since its



HALL CAINE.

purchase by the Crown of England in 1825, it has enjoyed what the Irish people are clamouring for—'Home Rule.' In this respect it is not unlike Canada, possessing its own government, known as the House of Keys. Prior to the purchase from the Stanley family, who came into possession in perpetuity during the reign of Henry IV., by paying to the king, his heirs and successors, at coronation, a cast of falcons, it was independent and ruled by them under the title of King or Lord of Man. It was a King of Man that placed

the crown on the head of the Earl of Richmond after the battle of Bosworth Field.

"The island is rich in monuments of the past, and particularly of the dead, whether prehistoric or of later date. Its scenery is varied and pleasing. The central hills, though perhaps not quite so beautiful as those of the English lakes, are nevertheless not far behind in their varied attractions. The cliffs along the southern coast in many places are wild and grand. Vegetation, except where exposed to the full force of the gales, is always



MRS. HALL CAINE.

luxuriant, for the climate is mild, and severe frosts are rare. The hydrangea, the myrtle and the fuchsia flourish unnnipped, and grow to a large size. Take it all in all—its history, its antiquities, its scenery and its climate—there are few places in the British Isles which better repay a visit of some duration than the Isle of Man.

“The principal towns are Ramsay, Douglas, Castletown and Peel. In the latter place is Peel Castle, which the readers of ‘Peveril of the Peak’ will remember as Holm-Peel, one of the ancient strongholds of the island. Here Sir Walter Scott introduces us to the young Earl of Derby and his friend Julian Peveril, and the brave

Countess of Derby, whose husband was beheaded at Bolton-on-the-Moors, October, 1651. Rushen Castle was the home of the Earl of Derby at the time of the unfortunate skirmish, where he was made prisoner, with the result we have mentioned. The reader will find in ‘Peveril of the Peak’ beautiful descriptions not only of these old castles, but many other places on the island. Among the natural curiosities of the island is the Manx cat. These domestic animals are remarkable in that nature has failed to provide them with tails. This is the only place in the world, I believe, where the feline family are tailless. I have never come across any reason for this peculiarity.

It is one of nature's freaks, I suppose. The Manx kitten certainly deserves the sympathy of kittenhood everywhere, because it has no tail to play with, and is hence deprived of one of the greatest charms of its life.

"From Castletown, Port Erin, the Calf of Man, and the north coast of the island can be visited. The cliffs are grand. The scenery of the whole region is wild and storm-beaten, and the primitive language and primitive customs have lingered longer here than in any other part of the island. The Calf of Man was formerly a noted place for falcons, and supplied the Lords of Man with the birds which were the fee for possession of the island. Once, too, it had a hermit, one Thomas Bushel, a dependent of the great Lord Bacon, who lived there to a very advanced age, on a parsimonious diet 'of herbs, oil, mustard, and honey, with milk sufficient.'"

"On the Isle of Man," says Mr. W. J. Thorold, "Hall Caine is the Man of the Isle. Indeed, there is a widespread movement afoot among the fishermen and people of the soil, who feel that he is one of themselves, to ask the British Parliament to make the position dependent upon the suffrages of the citizens—and then elect Hall Caine as Governor. The only weighty argument

advanced against this idea is, that, in England, men are trained for the civil service, spend years in preparation for such a trust—and that, therefore, no Home Secretary could appoint a man of literature to the post.

"Democracy is fundamental in the Isle of Man. The place was purchased by the English Crown from the Derby family about one hundred years ago. It has its own Bishop, makes its own laws, which are submitted to the Home Office for approval. There are two Deemsters—the name for a judge—who are also appointed by the Crown. Once a year the laws are promulgated on Tynwald Hill—the Mound in 'the Manxman'—in pursuance of an old custom. If anyone objects, he must object then. This makes the spirit of the people very democratic. It has been possible for a man to live there in every condition of life, beginning by spending his childhood in a thatched cottage.

"Hall Caine's career, since he left school at the age of fifteen, as an architect—for which he possessed no special gifts—as a school teacher—a profession he abandoned for something offering more chances for a career—and as a journalist, is now too familiar for repetition."

BETWEEN THE DAYS.

BY EMMA HERRICK WEED.

Between the days—the weary days—
He drops the darkness and the dews :
Over tired eyes His hand He lays,
And strength, and hope, and life renews.
Thank God for rest between the days !

Else who could bear the battle's stress,
Or who withstand the tempest's shocks ?
Who thread the dreary wilderness
Among the pitfalls and the rocks,
Came not the night with folded flocks ?

The white light scorches ; and the plain
Stretches before us, parched with heat.
But, by-and-bye, the fierce beams wane ;
And lo ! the nightfall, cool and sweet,
With dews to bathe the aching feet !

For He remembereth our frame !
Ever for this I render praise.
Oh, tender Master, slow to blame
The falterer on Life's stony ways—
Abide with us—between the days !

CAMPAIGNING WITH KITCHENER.

BY THE LATE G. W. STEEVENS.



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR H. H. KITCHENER.

To walk round Wady Halfa is to read the whole romance of the Soudan. This is the look-out whence Egypt has strained her vision up-Nile to the vast, silent, torrid, murderous desert land, which has been in turn her neighbour, her victim, all but her undoing, and is now to be her triumph again. On us English, too, the Soudan has played its fatal witchery, and half the tale of Halfa is our own as well as Egypt's. On its buildings, and up and down its sandy, windy streets we may trace all the stages of the first conquest, the loss, the bitter failures to recover, the slow recommencement, the presage of final victory.

You can get the whole tale into a walk of ten minutes. First look

at that big white building: it is the Egyptian military hospital, and one of the largest, solidest structures of Halfa. In shape and style, you will notice, it is not unlike a railway station—and that is just what it was meant to be. That was the northern terminus of Ismail Pasha's great railway to Khartoum. Gordon stopped it, and paid for his unforesight with his life. The railway never reached the Third Cataract. The upper part of it was torn to pieces by the Dervishes, who chopped the sleepers into firewood, and twisted the telegraph-wires to spear-heads; the part nearer Halfa lay half-derelict for many years, till it was aroused at length to play its part in the later act of the tragedy of the Soudan.

Halfa has left off being a fortress and a garrison; to-day it is all workshop and railway terminus. It makes war not with bayonets, but with rivets and spindle-glands. It clangs from morning till night with rails lassoed and draw up a sloping pair of their fellows by many convicts on to trucks; it thuds with sleepers and boxes of bully-beef dumped on to the shore. From the shops of Halfa the untamed Soudan is being tamed at last. It is the new system, the modern system—mind and mechanics beating muscle and shovel-head spear. It takes up and digests all the past: the bits of Ismail's railway came into the Dongola line; the engine of Wolseley's time has been rebuilt, and is running again; the artillery barracks are a store for all things pertaining to engines.

But that is not all Halfa, and it is not all the Soudan. Looking at it hence from its threshold, the Soudan seems like a strong and swift wild beast, which many hunters have pursued, none subdued. The Soudan is a man-eater—red-gorged, but still insatiable. Turn your pony's head and canter out a mile; we are at the cemetery. Each white cross is an Englishman devoured by the Soudan. We have watered it with more of our blood than it will ever yield to pay for.

THE SOUDAN RAILWAY.

Halfa is nearly four hundred miles from the Atbara; yet it was the decisive point of the campaign. For in Halfa was being forged the deadliest weapon that Britain has ever used against Mahdism—the Soudan Military Railway. In the existence of the railway lay all the difference between the extempore, amateur scrambles of Wolseley's campaign and the machine-like precision of Kitchener's. When

civilization fights with barbarism it must fight with civilized weapons; for with his own arts on his own ground the barbarian is almost certain to be the better man. To go into the Soudan without complete transport and certain communications is as near madness as to go with spears and shields. The battle of the Atbara was won in the workshops of Wady Halfa.

Everybody knew that a railway from Halfa across the desert to Abu Hamed was an impossibility—until the Sirdar turned it into a fact. It was characteristic of the Sirdar's daring—daring based on complete knowledge and just confidence in himself and his instruments; but to the uninformed it seems mad recklessness—that he actually launched his rails and sleepers into the waterless desert, while the other end of the line was still held by the enemy. Water was bored for, and, at the third attempt, found, which lightened the task; but the engineers are convinced that, water or no water, the Sirdar's ingenuity and determination would have carried the enterprise through. Before the end of 1897 the line touched the Nile again at that point, 234 miles from Halfa, and the journey to Berber took a day instead of weeks.

It was a heavy handicap that an infant railway should be asked for double work, but that was only the beginning of the difficulty. The Soudan Railway, like everything else in Egypt, must be worked on the cheap. There is no trouble about the labour—the Railway Battalions supply that. The fellah has to shovel for his country instead of fighting for it, and he would much rather. It is war service which happens to retain a permanent value when war is over; so much the better for everybody.

The Director of Railways, Bimbashi Girouard, is a Canadian, presumably of French derivation. In



WADY HALFA.

early life he built a section of the Canadian Pacific. He came out to Egypt for the Dongola campaign—one of three subalterns specially chosen from the Railway Department of the Royal Engineers. The Soudan killed the other two out of hand, but Bimbashi Girouard goes on building and running his railways. The Dongola line runs as far as Kerma, above the Third Cataract. The Desert Line must wait at the Atbara for a bridge before it can be extended to Khartoum. But already here is something over five hundred miles of rail laid in a savage desert—a record to make the reputation of any engineer in the world, standing to the credit of a subaltern of sappers. The Egyptian army is a triumph of youth on every side, but in none is it more signal than in the case of the Director of Railways. He never loses his head nor forgets his own mind: he is credited with being the one man in the Egyptian army who is unaffectedly unafraid of the Sirdar.

Having finished the Soudan Railway to the Atbara, Bimbashi Girouard accepted the post of

Director-General of all the Egyptian railways. There will be plenty of scope for him in the post, and it will not be wasted. But just reflect again on that crowning wonder of British Egypt—a subaltern with all but Cabinet rank and £2,000 a year. (He is now Director of Railways in South Africa.)

Straight, firm, and purposeful ran the rails. Now they split into a double line: here was another train waiting—a string of empty trucks—and also a tent, a little hut made of sleeper baulks, a tank, points, and a board with the inscription "No. 5." This was a station—a wayside station. But No. 6 is a Swindon of the desert. Every train stops there half an hour or more to fill up with water, for there is a great trifoliate well there. Also the train changes drivers. And here, a hundred miles into the heart of the Nubian desert, two years ago a sanctuary of inviolate silence, where no blade of green ever sprang, where, possibly, no foot trod since the birth of the world, here is a little colony of British engine-drivers. They have a little rest-house shanty of



board and galvanized iron; there are pictures from the illustrated papers on the walls. There they swelter, and look out at the winking rails and the red-hot sand, and wait till their turn comes to take the train. They don't love the life—who would?—but they stick to it like Britons—and take the trains out and home. They, too, are not the meanest of the conquerors of the Soudan.

THE SIRDAR.

Major-General Sir Horatio Herbert Kitchener is forty-eight years old by the book; but that is irrelevant. He stands several inches over six feet, straight as a lance, and looks out imperiously above most men's heads; his motions are deliberate and strong; slender but firmly knit, he seems built for tireless, steel-wire endurance rather than for power or agility; that also is irrelevant. Steady passionless eyes shaded by decisive brows, brick-red rather full cheeks, a long moustache beneath which you divine an immovable mouth; his face is harsh, and neither appeals for affection nor stirs dislike. He has no age but the prime of life, no body but one to carry his mind, no face but one to keep his brain behind. The brain and the will are the essence and the whole of the man—a brain and a will so perfect in their workings that, in the face of extremest difficulty, they never seem to know what struggle is. You cannot imagine the Sirdar otherwise than as seeing the right thing to do and doing it. His precision is so inhumanly unerring, he is more like a machine than a man.

But it so happens that he has turned himself to the management of war in the Soudan, and he is the complete and the only master of that art. Beginning life in the



THE SECOND CATARACT.

"The Nile from Wady Halfa to within a short distance of Dongola is almost an unbroken succession of cataracts, and is unnavigable for half the year. This entailed, before the construction of the railway, the transport by camel of supplies to the army in the field during the most trying season."

Royal Engineers—a soil reputed more favourable to machinery than to human nature—he early turned to the study of the Levant. He was one of Beaconsfield's military vice-consuls in Asia Minor; he was subsequently director of the Palestine Exploration Fund. At the beginning of the Soudan troubles he appeared. He was one of the original twenty-five officers who set to work on the new Egyptian army. And in Egypt and the Soudan he has been ever since—on the staff generally, in the field constantly, alone with natives often, mastering the problem of the Soudan always. The ripe

harvest of fifteen years is that he knows everything that is to be learned of his subject. He has seen and profited by the errors of others as by their successes. He has inherited the wisdom and the achievements of his predecessors.

In 1890 he succeeded Sir Francis Grenfell as Sirdar. That he meant to be Sirdar in fact as well as name he showed in 1894. The young Khedive travelled south to the frontier, and took the occasion to insult every British officer he came across. Kitchener promptly gave battle; he resigned, a crisis came, and the Khedive was obliged to do public penance by

issuing a General Order in praise of the discipline of the army and of its British officers. Two years later he began the reconquest of the Soudan. Without a single throwback the work went forward—but not without intervals. The Sirdar is never in a hurry. With immovable self-control he holds back from each step till the ground is consolidated under the last. The real fighting power of the Soudan lies in the country itself—in its barrenness which refuses food, and its vastness which paralyses transport.

lar who always beats the enemy. When the columns move out of camp in the evening to march all night through the dark, they know not whither, and fight at dawn with an enemy they have never seen, every man goes forth with a tranquil mind. He may personally come back and he may not; but about the general result there is not a doubt. Other generals have been better loved; none was ever better trusted.

THE FUNERAL OF GORDON.

Fourteen years next January—



NEW DONGOLA.

The man Herbert Kitchener owns the affection of private friends in England and of old comrades of fifteen years' standing; for the rest of the world there is no man Herbert Kitchener, but only the Sirdar, neither asking affection nor giving it. His officers and men are wheels in the machine; he feeds them enough to make them efficient, and works them as mercilessly as he works himself. If you suppose, therefore, that the Sirdar is unpopular, he is not. No general is unpopu-

lar even through that humiliating thought there ran a whisper of triumph. We may be slow; but in that very slowness we show that we do not forget. Soon or late, we give our own their due. Here were men that fought for Gordon's life while he lived—Kitchener, who went disguised and alone among furious enemies to get news of him; Wauchope, who poured out his blood like water at Tamai and Kirbekan (since dead at Magersfontein); Stuart-Wortley, who missed by but two days the

chance of dying at Gordon's side. And here, too, were boys who could hardly lisp when their mothers told them that Gordon was dead, grown up now and appearing in the fulness of time to exact eleven thousand lives for one. Gordon may die—other Gordons may die in the future—but the same clean-limbed brood will grow up and avenge them.

The boats stopped, and there was silence. We were tying up opposite a grove of tall palms; on the bank was a crowd of natives curiously like the backsheesh-hunters who gather to greet the Nile steamers. They stared at us; but we looked beyond them to a large building rising from a crumbling quay. The upper storey was clean gone; the blind windows were filled up with bricks. At that most ordinary sight everybody grew very solemn. There was no need to tell us we were at a grave. In that forlorn ruin, and that disconsolate acacia, the bones of murdered civilization lay before us.

The troops formed up before the palace in three sides of a rectangle—Egyptians to our left as we looked from the river, British to the right. The Sirdar, the generals of division and brigade, and the staff stood in the open space facing the palace. Then on the roof—almost on the very spot where Gordon fell, though the steps by which the butchers mounted have long since vanished—we were aware of two flagstaves.

The Sirdar raised his hand. A pull on the halliards: up ran, out flew, the Union Jack, tugging eagerly at his reins, dazzling gloriously in the sun, rejoicing in his strength and his freedom. "Bang!" went the Melik's 12 1-2 pounder, and the boat quivered to her backbone. "God Save our Gracious Queen" hymned the Guards' band—"bang!" from the Melik—and Sirdar and private

stood stiff—"bang!" to attention, every hand at the helmet peak in—"bang!"—salute. The Egyptian flag had gone up at the same instant; and now, the same ear-smashing, soul-uplifting bangs marking time, the band of the 11th Soudanese was playing the Khedivial hymn. "Three cheers for the Queen!" cried the Sirdar; helmets leaped in the air, and the melancholy ruins woke to the first wholesome shout of all these years. Then the same for the Khedive. The comrade flags stretched themselves lustily; enjoying their own again; the bands pealed forth the pride of country; the twenty-one guns banged forth the strength of war. Thus, white men and black, Christian and Moslem, Anglo-Egypt set her seal once more, for ever, on Khartoum.

Before we had time to think such thoughts over to ourselves, the Guards were playing the Dead March in "Saul." Next fell a deeper hush than ever, except for the solemn minute-guns that had followed the fierce salute. Four chaplains—Catholic, Anglican, Presbyterian, and Methodist—came slowly forward and ranged themselves, with their backs to the palace, just before the Sirdar. The Presbyterian read the Fifteenth Psalm. The Anglican led the rustling whisper of the Lord's Prayer. Snow-haired Father Brindle, best beloved of priests, laid his helmet at his feet, and read a memorial prayer bare-headed in the sun. Then came forward the pipers and wailed a dirge, and the Soudanese played "Abide with me." Perhaps lips did twitch just a little to see the ebony heathens fervently blowing out Gordon's favourite hymn; but the most irresistible incongruity would hardly have made us laugh at that moment. And there were those who said the cold Sirdar himself could hardly speak or see, as Gen-

eral Hunter and the rest stepped out according to their rank and shook his hand. What wonder? He has trodden this road to Khar-toum for fourteen years, and he stood at the goal at last.

Thus with Maxim-Nordenfeldt and Bible we buried Gordon after the manner of his race. The parade was over, the troops were dismissed, and for a short space we walked in Gordon's garden. Gordon has become a legend with his countrymen, and they all but deify him dead who never would have heard of him had he lived. But in this garden you somehow came to know Gordon the man, not the myth, and to feel near to him. Here was an Englishman doing his duty, alone and at the instant peril of his life; yet still he loved his garden. The garden was a yet

more pathetic ruin than the palace. Reluctantly, despairingly, Gordon's garden was dropping back to wilderness. And in the middle of the defeated fruit-trees grew rankly the hateful Sodom apple, the poisonous herald of desolation.

The bugle broke in upon us; we went back to the boats. We were quicker steaming back than steaming up. We were not a whit less chastened, but every man felt lighter. We came with a sigh of shame; we went away with a sigh of relief. The long-delayed duty was done. The bones of our countrymen were shattered and scattered abroad, and no man knows their place; none the less Gordon had his due burial at last. We left him alone again—but alone in majesty under the conquering ensign of his own people.

THE JERICHO ROAD.

BY S. P. STODDARD.

If you had known
That down near Jericho a strong man lay,
Beaten and robbed, deserted, left for dead,
Would you, too, heedless, pass upon your way?
Could you sleep calmly on your own soft bed?
Would you be still?

If you had known
That Christ for human sympathy did yearn,
When in the garden He retired to pray,
Would you, too, sleep, and hear on His return
The mild reproof His gentle lips convey?
Would you be still?

If you had known
An oasis might arise at your command,
In the drear desert of one's daily life;
Make warm the heart, and energize the hand,
So weary with the long, unequalled strife,
Would you be still?

If you had known
The sweet, pure gospel of the "Inasmuch,"
That tells your duty to the "least of these,"
And that a word of sympathy would touch
Heart-strings long silent, and rouse dormant keys,
Would you be still?

If you had known
How small divergence makes one man succeed;
How slight an error makes one nobler fail;
How, at the moment that you give no heed
One word from you alone might turn the scale,
Would you be still?

If you had known
That in the end the Master would require
That you a neighbour to your neighbour be;
That as a brother keeper you inspire
The faith that needs a lift from such as thee,
Would you be still?

If you had known
That from your life so small a rift,
A gleam, a beam, a light, a glance, could bring
Peace, joy and comfort, with its own uplift,
To a lone heart, and make the sad one sing,
Would you be still?

I leave it all with God. He surely knows
How oft my bosom to the storm is bared,
He knows it made the wildest storm that blows
More desolate, for knowing no one cared,
And you were still!

THE PROBLEM OF RACE AND POPULATION.

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO ONTARIO.

BY C. C. JAMES, M.A.,

Deputy Minister of Agriculture for Ontario.

II.

The total area of Ontario, according to the Provincial Crown Lands Department, is 126,000,000 acres. Up to the end of 1898, 39,000,000 acres had been surveyed, leaving 87,000,000, or nearly seventy per cent. as yet unsurveyed. About 23,000,000 acres have been occupied. We have, therefore, occupied less than one-quarter of this province. The question at once arises as to how much of this remaining 100,000,000 acres is habitable or is available for settlement. If all of Ontario—New Ontario as we sometimes call it—were similar in soil and climate to Old Ontario, we could say that we have yet room enough in our Province for at least 6,000,000 people, with no more crowding than we have at present. But is this possible or probable? A few features must be considered. If we examine the map we shall see that there are several great water-slopes in this province; the rivers flow south and south-west into the great lakes, east and south-east into the Ottawa and St. Lawrence, and north and north-east into the Hudson's Bay Basin. Between these lies an elevated tableland composed of the old Laurentian rocks, the oldest on the continent. Upon this elevated land, especially upon its southern slope, is a great white pine forest, from which our province has derived so much wealth, and which is yet one of our great assets. The rapid rise in value of white pine warns us to care for this asset more and more sedulously. The land is of but little value, comparatively

speaking, and the husbanding of this wealth demands that settlement be largely prohibited within its range. For that reason, and also that the water supply of our streams and rivers may be preserved, the Ontario Legislature has provided for the great Algonkin Park of 1,000,000 acres, and other forest reserves, which are now being set apart.

For settlement, therefore, we must look to arable areas outside of this elevated rocky region, in which the white pine grows in its perfection. I shall refer to three or four locations in particular.

In the valley of the Rainy River is a block of deep, black alluvial land, from eighty to one hundred miles in length and varying in width from ten to twenty miles. Nearly a million acres are available there, and the Rainy River Railway, now under construction, passes through it. Within the next ten years we may reasonably expect the larger portion of this land to be occupied.

There are many other blocks of fine land lying among the northern rocks, and hidden by a second growth of pine or spruce. There is one to the south of Lake Nipissing; there are several along the "Soo" branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and one or two are to be found near Port Arthur.

Let me give the particulars of another. The Canadian Pacific Railway from Port Arthur to Rat Portage was supposed to run through a barren waste of rocks and scrubby forest growth. Two hundred and seventeen miles west of Port Arthur, near Lake Wabigoon,

there was a clay cutting. The Ontario Minister of Agriculture, Hon. John Dryden, had an examination made, and as a result, in the winter of 1894-5, a log house was erected and a practical farmer sent up to start a pioneer farm. To-day the traveller is astonished to see a thriving village, named by the President of the C.P.R., Dryden. About 35,000 acres have been located, and a thrifty settlement of over six hundred persons has been formed, having school, public library, and two resident ministers. The settlers are all from the older counties of Ontario.

But what of the great north-land, the country beyond the height of land? We know that in the "far north," as we sometimes call it, there is a great stretch of fine farm land this side of the height of land lying about the head of Lake Temiscamingue, settled on the east side by French Canadians, and with a small number of English-speaking settlers on the Ontario side. But concerning the land beyond we have known but little. That country is largely an unknown region. The traders and trappers followed the great rivers, and if one turns to our maps he finds little located except the large lakes and the principal rivers. The map of South Africa is more familiar to us. This portion of our province is largely a "dark continent."

The present Premier of Ontario has announced his intention of having an exploratory survey made of the region, and that will be a big undertaking, for it comprises about one-quarter of the entire province. However, we have lately got a few hints of what we may expect to find. In the summers of 1896 and 1898 a surveyor's line was run north from beyond Sudbury to the Moose River, and this is what Mr. Niven, the surveyor, tells

us in his reports. In 1896 the survey was started at a point about thirty miles north of the C.P.R., and the line was run for one hundred and twenty miles due north.

"After leaving the twenty-year-old brule, at the one-hundred-and-first mile, the line passes through a comparatively level and well-timbered country to the one-hundred-and-ninth mile, where it leaves the sandy soil and enters upon clay land which continues for ten miles. . . . The line was finished on the Huronian formation on level clay land with black mould. I have reason to believe that this kind of country extends west to the Mattigami River, and a long distance north. The land east of Night Hawk Lake and up the river is of a similar description, apparently the line had just entered upon a very large tract of rich agricultural land. One of the men said, from the top of a tree: 'I can see a whole country of it.'"

In 1898 Mr. Niven began to move forward from this point, the one hundred and twentieth mile-post, and when the three hundredth mile-post was reached his work was done and he was four miles north of the Moose River. He says, in his report for 1898:

"For over one hundred miles from the point of commencement the line runs through a splendid tract of farming land, clay soil, often covered with black muck; parts of it might be called swampy, and parts of it muskeg; but taken altogether I do not know many places in Ontario where a line can be run for the same distance through such an even, uniformly good tract of land."

It will doubtless be an agreeable surprise to many to know that if you go to Sudbury, strike due north for one hundred and thirty miles, passing the height of land, you will come upon a rich, level agricultural region at least one hundred and twenty miles long without a break. Some of us may live to see it farmed!*

*Those who are interested in this country I would refer them to the Report of the

We may safely conclude, therefore, that in our north land we have many millions of acres of land of fine quality. Most of it is covered with spruce, but this is the source of modern pulp, and within ten years Ontario and Quebec will probably become the greatest pulp and paper manufacturing countries of the world.

This brings me to my next point. I mentioned before that the central or interior portion of this province is an elevated, rocky tableland or watershed. Roughly estimated, this watershed is five hundred miles long by about seventy miles wide—35,000 square miles in all. It is 1,400 or 1,500 feet above the level of the sea. The waters of this tableland, therefore, on their way to the Hudson's Bay or to the St. Lawrence at Montreal, have a fall of nearly 1,500 feet. What does this signify? It signifies that we have in Ontario the greatest collection of water powers in the world. We have gold, silver, copper, zinc, nickel, lead, iron, salt, petroleum, corundum, and natural gas; it may be that we have diamonds, but we have no beds of valuable coal. It is possible that peat, of which we have enormous deposits, may be utilized as a substitute for coal. Whether that be so or not, we have vast water power, and in our falls we may have a source of wealth greater than the coal fields of Pennsylvania.

Examine the rivers of this province. The Moose, Albany and Winnipeg in the north, all are broken by successions of rapids and falls. Then come to the Southern

slope, and take them in order: The Kakabeka Falls on the Kaministiquia, the Nipigon Falls, the Sault Ste. Marie, Sturgeon Falls, the rapids of the French River, Niagara Falls, St. Lawrence Rapids, and the Chaudiere and other falls on the Ottawa,—these are great and unfailing water powers.

At the beginning of the present year there were in operation in the United States four hundred and fifty water-power electric plants, representing an invested capital no less than \$60,000,000. Many of our Ontario towns are enjoying cheap electric lighting through the utilization of water power. Already plants are in operation or in preparation for supplying electric power at the "Soo," Niagara Falls, Hamilton, Ottawa, Orillia, and Morrisburg. The Lachine Rapids send power into Montreal. When we remember that nearly every town and city in Ontario has grown up about the water-falls of our rivers, we will conclude that with the perfecting of feasible schemes for transmitting electric power, our possibilities of working will be wonderfully increased. This means that the population of older Ontario must steadily increase, and keep pace with the peopling of our northern and western farming regions.*

I come next to a consideration of our geographical situation, our relationship to the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence, the greatest system of fresh-water navigation in the world. A recent article in one of our magazines says:

"The Great Lakes have become a great artery of our richest commercial blood. One-third of the population of the United States is dependent on these lakes for their export and import trade. This

Ontario Bureau of Mines for 1899, Vol. viii., second part (pp. 175-196), where will be found a full report of the geological survey of this tract, by Mr. W. A. Parks, who accompanied Mr. Niven. In the Dominion Geological Report for 1897 will be found an interesting report on "The Geology and Natural Resources of the Nipissing and Tamiscamingue Districts," by A. E. Barlow, M.A.

* Since this was written the "Industrial Romance of the Soo" has been told by Mr. Clergue. See the *Globe* of April 3rd.

waterway taps the richest and most prosperous agricultural territory on this continent of ours, together with our most productive mines, and it is worth while noting that within a radius of four hundred miles of Cleveland lies one-half the population of the United States. It is a well-established fact that deep-water transportation is, and necessarily must be, far below the cost of transportation by rail; indeed, it is computed that the cost of water transportation by steam, when the voyage is of any considerable length, is about one-quarter of the average cost of transportation by rail, while by sailboat it is only one-eighth of the latter.

"As this question of transportation determines to a great extent the existence or non-existence of a possible industry, and enhances or diminishes the value of every article of export in proportion to its efficiency or economy, the battle-cry of the west for 'twenty feet of water between Duluth and the sea' is no great problem to account for."

If we draw straight lines from the great wheat regions of the west to the ocean ports connecting with the importing countries of Europe, we shall see that they pass through the Province of Ontario. Draw a straight line from Chicago to Portland—it passes through Niagara Falls; a line from Port Arthur to New York passes through Toronto;

one from Duluth to New York passes through Hamilton, and one from St. Paul to New York through London, Ont. Ontario should be the highway from Manitoba, the North-West Territories and also the northern belt of states.

An examination of our position on the map proves this as inevitable, and when to this we add the Great Lakes and river system that surrounds us, we conclude that though this has been a long time coming, yet we may reasonably expect that nature will assert her superiority, and that we shall profit by it.

The accompanying table gives the traffic through the United States "Soo" Canal. Add to this the Michigan Lake traffic and one will have some idea of the enormous trade moving south toward Detroit, Cleveland, and Buffalo, of which we may now expect to see a considerable portion turned eastward through Ontario highways.

Our province is a large province; it is well located; it is in the great producing zone; its climate is invigorating; its waters are wholesome; its resources of field, forest, lake and mine are magnificent. It was first peopled by a sturdy, patriotic race of varied nationality that coalesced and knit together into a strong foundation, upon which the energetic sons of England, Scotland and Ireland built a structure of which we need not unduly boast,

	1869.		1879.		1889.		1899.
Vessels.....	1,338	..	3,121	..	9,579	..	20,255
Tonnage.....	524,885	..	1,677,071	..	7,221,935	..	21,958,347
Wheat, bushels...	*49,700	..	2,603,666	..	16,231,854	..	58,397,335
Other grain, bush.	323,501	..	951,496	..	2,133,245	..	30,000,935
Flour, barrels....	32,007	..	451,000	..	2,228,707	..	7,114,147
Iron ore, tons....	239,368	..	540,075	..	4,095,855	..	15,328,240
Copper, tons.....	18,662	..	22,309	..	33,456	..	120,090
Coal, tons.....	27,850	..	110,704	..	1,629,197	..	3,940,887
Lumber, feet.....	1,660,000	..	35,598,000	..	315,554,000	..	1,038,057,000
Passengers.....	17,657	..	18,579	..	25,712	..	49,082

*1870.

but of which we can be honestly proud.

We have in this province a great country yet to be peopled. How is this to be done? We have seen hundreds of thousands of Ontario's sons leaving to settle the lands of Manitoba, the North-West and the North-Western States. They wanted land, and they went where they knew it was to be easily had. If only we could save to Canada her own surplus rural population, we would be doing our country greater service than in bringing a foreign element to our shores. Both must be looked to.

A new work is just being inaugurated in this province: a Colonization Bureau is being formed, the object of which is to direct our own surplus population to suitable locations in our own province. The advantages of such a scheme need not be enlarged upon—they are patent to every one. The intention is to endeavour to settle lands that are available near the northern railways, not scattering the settlers, but keeping them together, so that the advantages of roads, schools and churches may be had at once. To hold what we have is to be the endeavour.

Before referring to other parts of Canada, it may be permitted to refer again to the mixture of blood that has taken place in this province. Among the first settlers of a century or so ago there were English Puritans and Quakers from New York, New Jersey, and the New England States; there were Scottish folk from Central New York and even from the Carolinas; there were Dutch from the valley of the Mohawk and the Hudson, German Palatines from New York State and Pennsylvania, also a sprinkling of French Huguenots. These were mixed together in their settlement, and soon became a common people. The mingling of these strains was

sufficient to give our province a people with characteristics differing from the characteristics of the people of any one European country—a people peculiar to this province.

There is only one state with which we could make a comparison, namely, the people of New York State. To differentiate us from that state, however, came the great inflow from the British Isles from 1825 to 1850. It was then that the Irish element entered into our composition. England and Scotland, of course, at the same time poured in some of their surplus population.

For many years the settlements of these three peoples maintained their separate characteristics, but at last we see a common mingling of these with one another. Germany sent us a contribution that settled in the Ottawa Valley, and French-Canadian Quebec began to overflow into our province and to fill up the townships in the eastern and north-eastern parts of Ontario. This French-Canadian element is slowest to mingle with the others, largely because of their holding on to their original tongue.*

A few words as to the rest of Canada. The extreme portions of this great Dominion are witnessing a growth and development that are surprising even to the closest observers of our history. In our most eastern district, in Cape Breton, there are being built up great iron industries that must draw thither

* If one desire to pursue further the study of the origin of the people of the British Isles who have come to this country, and to find out who are the English, the Irish, and the Scottish peoples, I cannot do other than refer you to the careful studies that have been made by historians and scientists. You will, perhaps, be surprised to find these peoples are themselves of very mixed origin, they are composite peoples. One will find an interesting account given in a little work entitled "*The Story of the British Race*," by John Munro, published by Appleton & Co., of New York.

a large population. The cheap iron ores of Newfoundland are to be smelted by the cheap coal ores of that neglected island, and there is growing up what promises to be the greatest iron-making centre of the world.

In British Columbia, on the extreme west, new mining towns are growing at a rapid pace, while in the extreme north-west the mining camps of the Arctic Circle are still attracting a mixed population from the four corners of the globe.

Lying between these extremities of the Dominion are millions upon millions of acres of arable land, to which the settlers are coming in steady streams. The United States is not yet full, but about all the cheap lands have been taken up. Thousand of families who are seeking homes on cheap lands, thousands who have been disappointed in trying to make a living on the uncertain edge of the great American desert, thousands of disappointed Canadians who have still a longing to live under the British flag, all these are moving north in steady streams, and spreading over the unbounded prairies of the great North-West. The rapid filling up of Manitoba and of many sections of the North-West seems now assured.

In addition to the large numbers from Ontario and from the United States, we have seen the coming of the Mennonites, the Icelanders, the Galicians and the Doukhobors. Some have manifested anxiety as to the effect of these European peoples upon the future of our Canadian Dominion. Two things should be kept in mind: First, they are of sturdy stock, and come principally from the cooler districts of Europe; secondly, they are inclined to attach themselves to the land, to remain as tillers of the soil. There would be serious cause for anxiety if they were from races that would

swell the population of our towns and cities. These people appear to be industrious, thrifty, peaceable and teachable. People whose greatest desire is to be allowed to settle down quietly upon the land and build up homes for their families, will never become a menace to this country.

There are other questions also that concern us. What is to be our treatment of the Chinese population of British Columbia? Are we to throw open the doors, or are we to shut out that race from across the Pacific? The Mormon question, also, may confront us, though as yet the Mormon colony is too small to give us much concern.

To my mind, however, the question that is of greatest moment is what is sometimes called the French question. Our French-Canadian fellow citizens are tenacious of their language and their rights. These have been guaranteed to them. They are citizens of this country just as much as we who speak the English language. They are increasing rapidly in population, and are even more enterprising than we are in pushing forward their colonization schemes. It may be that a mistake was made when Britain conceded to the French of Quebec their own laws and their own language. Perhaps the best interests of the French-Canadians themselves were not served by so doing, but such was done, and that gift or that concession must be respected.

The French-Canadian element is bound to play a very important part in the working out of the destiny of Canada. Its past warrants that view. If you would have stories of thrilling interest, read the accounts of the intrepid French-Canadian explorers who crossed the Northwest prairies, and who established posts on the sites of the great midland cities. If you admire tales of devotion and heroism,

read the stories of the early Jesuits. How are we to conduct ourselves toward them? How should we treat them? Let us remember that they are fellow citizens of Canada with us, having rights from the same source as ourselves. Let us not condemn the whole French-Canadian people because some one may show himself unpatriotic or debased. We would not have ourselves judged in that manner. Let us treat the French Canadians as we would have them treat us. It is only by union that strength can come; it is only by a common desire of good that this country can prosper.

Canada, we believe, will become a great country; we know that she has great possibilities. Let us investigate this land and become acquainted with her resources; let us study the interesting story of our own people, for from that knowledge we shall become better citizens. Let us not indulge in ignorant boasting, for that will weaken us in the estimation of the world and in our own esteem; but let us have a true pride in our land and in our people; let us individually fit ourselves to be true citizens of this country, for it is the people that make a country, and not the country that makes a people.

JUNE.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

The fair young month of May has left us now;
And in her stead the sunny June appears,
With rose-crowned brow; her trailing garments fringed
With all sweet things bright summer lavishes
On this, her favourite child. No skies so pure
As those which arch above this radiant month;
No zephyr soft as that which stirs her robes.
What sun is like the golden sun of June?
What moon can equal hers in silvery splendour,
Sailing the livelong night through seas of blue
Calm and serene? Can aught on this side heaven
Be lovelier than rose-hued dawn in June?
Can music sweeter be than makes her woods
Resound with song till all the lambent air
Quivers with melody? This is the month
When hill and vale put on their richest dress;
This month the queen of flowers ascends her throne;
This month, at eventide, the lilies pale
Gleam through the gathering dusk, thrilling the sense
With perfume such as seems that they must breathe
Their lives away in fragrance. The June day,
From morn till falls the night, is so enriched
With wealth of colour, sound, and sweetest scents,
That well we wonder how all perfect things
Come to this perfect month.
Toronto.

"PRAYER FOR OUR NATIVE LAND."

Lord, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
Oh, hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most!
Oh, guard our shore from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
Our cities with prosperity,
Our fields with plenteousness.

Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth and Thee,
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.
Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
Our country we commend;
Be Thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting Friend.

JOHN KEATS.

BY E. G. F.

The end of a century naturally brings review and retrospection, and this is true in a peculiar sense in this generation. The Victorian era, which has extended over so long a period, has seemed to signify in a marked degree progress and development. Yet in review one is apt to look at the mighty changes, the great reformatings, and the powerful men who have been identified with these revolutions, and not to consider the undercurrents which have led thither, the ebb and flow of many lives which have had their influence in moulding the age.

In literature we see this clearly exemplified, for in viewing literary growth, one points to Carlyle, to Macaulay, to Wordsworth, to Tennyson, to Browning, as the product of our time. In doing this one is undoubtedly justified, but is sufficient importance given to those writers who have broken through the thralls of the past and have so cleared away its difficulties and besetments that those coming later have been enabled to press on to higher achievements. To these writers who have thus been but stepping-stones much praise is due. To them has been given the more difficult task of preparing the way. Might one not almost call them ambassadors heralding their masters. It is in looking back to the beginning of this century that we see examples of this, when Hunt, Shelley, and Keats form, as it were, an interregnum between the Georgian and the Victorian eras.

Of these Keats may be termed the greatest. In a short, uneventful life he gives us some of the gems of English literature; and indeed is a worthy herald to the future poet-laureate, Tennyson.

John Keats was born October, 1795, at Moorfields, London. His father had been employed in a livery stable, and having married his employer's daughter, ultimately gained possession of the business. But this humble position did not signify lack of ability, and in John Keats we find many of the intellectual traits of father and mother. Keats received a classical education under Mr. Clarke, at Enfield. Having lost both his parents, he was, in 1810, apprenticed by his guardian to a surgeon. He continued his medical studies for some time, but finally abandoned the profession as unsuited to his tastes.

In the boy we find but little trace of the poet, for although fond of reading, he was very pugnacious and high-spirited, and his school-fellows predicted for him an active life in army or navy.

As a boy and as a man Keats had a wonderful way of winning friends, and friends once won he never lost. He himself, in a letter to his friend Bailey, said: "Men should bear with each other; there lives not the man who may not be cut up, aye, lashed to pieces, on his weakest side. The best way, Bailey, is to know a man's faults, and then be passive. If after that he insensibly draws you towards him, then you have no power to break the link." No wonder a man who thus could judge his fellowmen would draw others unto him. For this illustrates a purity and strength of character which would insensibly appeal to the higher instincts of man.

Soon after coming to London, Keats was introduced to a number of the leading literary men. They all looked on him as one to be loved and cared for; they saw his genius, and they also saw the

delicacy of his frame, and his need for encouragement and love. These they showered on him in abundance, and made his sad life brighter and happier.

But there was one characteristic of Keats, wherein lay at once his strength and weakness. In the pale face, the large brown eyes, the delicate veining, the sensitive contour, the prominent features, one could easily discern the passion and intensity of his nature. And if to such natures is given the greatest capacity for enjoyment, so in like degree is their capacity for suffering. If they are keenly awake to pleasure, so are they peculiarly sensitive to pain.

Keats is a striking example of this. His every nerve tingled with intensity of feeling, and his every sense was keenly alert to impressions of pleasure or pain. In the pride of his manhood he sought to control this sensitive temperament, but if he succeeded in presenting to the world a calm indifference, the very effort increased the inner turmoil and passion. When added to this overwrought sensitive nature we find a body permeated with germs of an inherited disease, we can well understand how Keats, at the early age of twenty-five years, was glad to gain rest and peace in death. This passionate intensity shook his frame until, worn out, the body could no longer contain the spirit.

Perhaps one may be inclined to belittle this characteristic, but is it not a spark of the divine which has been kindled in the soul to raise man nearer his Creator? The world is better for these intense natures, for thus it is inspired with more of the divine fire. But the one chosen to animate the world is wounded in the battle with the carnal flesh.

As before noted, Keats, in his early years, showed little sign of his future career. His genius was

awakened by reading Spenser's "Faery Queene," and this so aroused and thrilled him that in 1813 he wrote his first poem, "Imitation of Spenser."

Keats' work may be divided into three periods: First, that represented by the book of poems published in 1817; second, by the book published in 1818; and, third, by that published in 1820.

These three publications mark the growth of his power. The first book gave little promise of anything great. The style was a poor imitation of Spenserian verse. as Swinburne has said, "frequently detestable, a mixture of sham Spenserian and mock Wordsworthian, alternately florid and arid." The only redeeming point in the whole book was the sonnet, written in 1815, "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer." This poem stands out in contrast to the others, and its excellence is thrown into bolder relief by the very shallowness of its surroundings.

In the second book, Keats attempts a long poem, "Endymion," based on classical mythology. It was a stupendous undertaking for one so young and inexperienced, and it did not meet with success. The whole poem shows the undeveloped character of its writer. Harsh criticism poured in from all sides. Keats himself saw but too plainly the faults in his work, and in his preface to the poem notes, "Knowing within myself the manner in which this poem has been produced, it is not without a feeling of regret I make it public. What manner I mean will be quite clear to the reader, who must soon perceive great inexperience, immaturity, and every error denoting a feverish attempt rather than a deed accomplished."

It is by his third work that Keats is raised to a foremost place in English literature. The rapidity of the growth from a third-rate

poet to one of the highest rank is marvellous. In 1818 he published "*Endymion*," which met with so harsh a reception, and but two years later appeared some of the finest poetry in the English language. Here were published, "*Hyperion*," "*Lana*," "*Eve of St. Agnes*," "*Isabella*," and the quintette of famous odes, "*To Autumn*," "*On a Grecian Urn*," "*To a Nightingale*," "*To Psyche*," "*On Melancholy*."

Again Swinburne says, "Of these odes perhaps the two nearest absolute perfection, to the triumphant achievement and accomplishment of the utmost beauty possible to human words, may be that, '*To Autumn*,' and that, '*On a Grecian Urn*'; the most radiant, fervent, and musical is that, '*To a Nightingale*'; the most pictorial and perhaps the tenderest in its ardour of passionate fancy is that '*To Psyche*'; the subtlest in sweetness of thought and feeling is that, '*On Melancholy*.' Greater lyrical poetry the world may have seen than any that is in these, lovelier it surely has never seen, nor ever can it possibly see."

"*Hyperion*" was as great a success as "*Endymion*" had been a failure. It is more like "*Paradise Lost*" in style than any other poem in the English language, and it was this very Miltonic artificiality that decided Keats to abandon and leave unfinished what he originally purposed to be ten books. The fragment of another incomplete poem, "*Eve of St. Mark*," is very full of promise. Exquisite in its perfect simplicity, it predicted a great future for its author.

Of all Keats' poems, however, perhaps no two deserve more notice than "*Eve of St. Agnes*," and the ode, "*To a Nightingale*."

The "*Eve of St. Agnes*" is illustrative of a story much the same as "*Romeo and Juliet*," how two young people became deeply

attached, notwithstanding that enmity has long separated their ancestral homes. The narrative runs through the poem like a gleaming thread binding together pictures most vividly beautiful. One cannot but feel its mesmeric charm, and one leaves it with the sensation that for a time the earth and its materialism has been dissolved into an imaginary dream, permeated with the incense of sense and enjoyment. Rossetti has said, "The power of the poem lies in the delicate transfusion of sight and emotion into sound; of making pictures out of words, of turning words into pictures; of giving a visionary beauty to the closest items of description; of holding all the materials of the poem in a long-drawn suspense of music and reverie. . . . It means next to nothing; but means that little so exquisitely, and in so rapt a mood of musing, or of trance, that it tells as an intellectual no less than a sensuous restorative. Perhaps no reader has ever risen from '*The Eve of St. Agnes*' dissatisfied." This, one feels, is undoubtedly true, for the magnetic power of the pictures pervades the whole being, and fills one with a vague, dreamy delight.

The introductory stanza, descriptive of nature in its most forbidding mood, serves as a vivid and fitting background:

"*St. Agnes' Eve—Ah, bitter chill it was!*
The owl for all his feathers was a-cold;
The hare limp'd trembling through the
frozen grass,
And silent were the flock in wooly fold."

There the old priest gives a touch of life, and how pathetic is his glimpse of the gaiety around him:

"*Northward he turned thro' a little door*
And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden
tongue
Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor;
But no—already had his deathbell rung,

The joys of all his life were said and sung,
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve."

From the old priest, doomed to see but the sterner side of life, we turn to view Madeline, the child of luxury and beauty:

"Full on the casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for Heaven's grace and boon,
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven. . . .
Her vespers done,
Of all the wreathed pearls her hair she frees;
Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees;
Half hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed.
Pensive awhile she dreams awake." . . .

Could aught bring more exquisite enjoyment than these soft rhythmic verse. The very cadence seems to lull and soothe into a state of dreamy rest, and the reader comes back to the material world with a start and a sigh.

Turning to the ode, "To a Nightingale," one has a further example of Keats' pictorial power. This poem is perhaps less rich in soft, full melody than "The Eve of St. Agnes," but it possesses more strength. The poet has seemed to put more of himself into it, and although here, too, one misses profundity of thought, it vibrates with more intense feeling, and thus thrills while it charms.

It was while in the garden listening to a nightingale that Keats wrote this ode. On scraps of paper he noted the impressions made by this bird's song, and it was only on the suggestion and by the help of a friend that the fragments were pieced together and given to us as one of the masterpieces of human work. A few

stanzas will give some idea of the beauty of this poem:

"That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with these fade away into the forest dim:

Fade; far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou amongst the leaves hast never known—

The weariness, the fever and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;

Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs;

Where youth grows pale and spectre thin and dies;

Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs;

Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,

Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow. . . .

Thou wast not born for death, Immortal Bird!

No hungry generations tread thee down;

The voice I hear this passing night was heard

In ancient days by Emperor and clown:
Perhaps the selfsame song that found a path

Through the sad heart of Ruth, when,
sick for home,

She stood in tears amid the alien corn;

The same that oftentimes hath

Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam

Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell

To toll me back from thee to my sole self!

Was it a vision, or a waking dream?

Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?"

Speaking of this ode and especially of the two couplets:

"Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain."

and—

"Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam

Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."

Rossetti says, "Far greater things have been said by the greatest minds; but nothing more perfect in form has been said—nothing wider in scale and closer in utter-

ance—by any mind of whatsoever pitch of greatness.”

From these two poems, examples of Keats’ power over language, one can judge somewhat of the place he holds in English literature.

His work certainly has not the simplicity and realism of Wordsworth’s, nor the strong individuality of thought of Browning’s, nor the perfect finish and culture of Tennyson’s; but it has a charm peculiarly its own, a power over imaginative beautiful pictures which the work of all these lack. And when one remembers that all Keats’ work was done before he had attained his twenty-seventh year one can appreciate as never before his genius. The poetry Tennyson gave to the world in his youth is infinitely inferior, and yet what power of expression and beauty of thought age brought to him. Then, too, this poet-laureate had the advantage of reaping where Keats and Wordsworth had sown; they prepared the way, and it was to a great extent by profiting by their example and following in their footsteps that Tennyson attained the height of fame. In an especial way is Tennyson the child of Keats; power of description, beauty of language, perfection of detail are true of both. But if Tennyson’s work is more highly polished, it lacks the spontaneity of Keats’, and the profound

Miltonic grandeur apparent here and there in his later works.

Of Keats’ dramatic power little need be said. In his poems we see but little trace of any such talent, and his attempted dramas are those of a boy, inexperienced and unformed; therefore one can only surmise what his development here might have been.

But why need one turn thither! Keats himself said, “A thing of beauty is a joy forever,” and surely the depth of beauty in his work will never lose its charm, nor his name the place it has won in the hearts of the English race; or, as Lowell has truly and beautifully said of him:

“The few words which like great thunder
drops
Thy large heart down to earth shook
doubtfully,
Thrilled by the inward lightning of its
might,
Serene and pure, like gushing joy of light,
Shall track the eternal chords of Destiny,
After the moon-led pulse of ocean stops.”

Lindsay, Ont.

NOTE.—It was with deep emotion that we stood beside the ivy-covered grave of the gentle poet Keats, in the Protestant Cemetery on the Appian Way, without the walls of Rome, with its touching inscription, “Here lies one whose name was writ in water.” Near by, overshadowed by a melancholy cypress, that of the erring genius Shelley. On his tombstone are the simple words, “Core cordium,”—only his heart is buried there; his body was burned on the Bay of Spezzia, where it was washed ashore.—Ed.

TRIED IN THE FIRE.

He knew He had ore that could bear the test

And He wanted the purest gold—

To mould in a crown for the King to wear, set with gems of a price untold—

So He laid our gold in the burning fire, though we fain would have said Him “Nay,”

And He watched the dross that we had not seen, as it melted and passed away.

And the gold grew brighter, and yet more bright,

But our eyes were so dim with tears

We saw but the fire,—not the Master’s Hand, and questioned with anxious fears;

Yet our gold shone on with a richer glow, as it mirrored a form above,

Who bent o’er the fire, unseen by us, with a look of ineffable love.

So He waited there with a watchful eye, with a love that is strong and sure,

And His gold did not suffer a whit more heat than was needed to make it pure;

He has lifted it out from His furnace, now too bright for our eyes to see

Till the tears that dim them are wiped away on the shores of Eternity.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.*

BY GEOFFREY DRAGE, M.A., M.P.,

Chairman of the Imperial South African Association.

There are still those in this country who believe that the war with the Transvaal might have been avoided, and that Great Britain has entered on a struggle which is not just. Letting pass the fact that war was declared against us, I propose first to give the opinions of those whose sacred calling and long knowledge of South Africa especially entitle them to a hearing in questions which have a moral as well as a political aspect, and then to see whether the history of South Africa and the development of the country, social and political, do not bear out the view which has been so solemnly stated by those who are the religious guides of our countrymen there.

Take, first, representatives of the Anglican Church. The Rev. B. H. Hampden Jones, M.A., rector of Claremont, near Cape Town, has been in South Africa since 1881. He writes as follows:

I believe the war to be just and necessary; its real causes are not the demands of the Bloemfontein Conference and their refusal by President Kruger. They go back to the Retrocession of 1881, and even to the Great Trek sixty years ago. The war is the inevitable result of the clash of antagonistic ideals and the opposition of irreconcilable forces. The Boer ideal is, and always has been, independence for himself and liberty to op-

press others. The English ideal is, and always has been, liberty for all.

The Durban Church Council in the colony of Natal, consisting of ministers and laymen representing nearly all the churches and congregations in the borough and district, has issued a manifesto, deserving of careful study throughout, and containing the following statement:

That the Transvaal Government has for years past treated its so-called Uitlander population with great injustice, that British subjects have suffered oppression, indignity, and wrong in many forms, and that the British Government was fully justified in seeking to have such evils removed.

That the Orange Free State had no ground whatever for declaring war against Great Britain, with which, ever since it was first founded, it had been on terms of amity and peace, and that "the attitude of the Transvaal for years past has gradually made it manifest that a peaceful settlement was impossible, except on the basis of Dutch domination throughout South Africa."

The Executive of the Natal Congregational Union has said, in an address to the Congregational Union of England and Wales:

Humanly speaking, the conflict was inevitable. The war now raging has long been premeditated and prepared for by the Boers, with a view to military and political dominion over the whole of South Africa, and the plea of fighting for inde-

* "History of South Africa." By George McCall Theal. Four volumes, 8vo. (Swan Sonnenschein. 1888-89.)

"Impressions of South Africa." By James Bryce. One volume, 8vo. Third edition. (Macmillan & Co. 1899.)

"South Africa of To-day." By Captain Francis Younghusband, C.I.E. One volume, (Macmillan & Co. 1898.)

"The Transvaal from Within." By S. P. FitzPatrick. One volume, 8vo. (Macmillan & Co. 1899.)

"Papers Relating to the Complaints of British Subjects in South Africa." C. 9345, June, 1899.

We have pleasure in abridging, from the *London Quarterly Review* for April, 1900, the accompanying important article, based on the fullest information by one of the most authoritative writers on the subject. The whole article should be read by all who would see the amplest vindication of Great Britain's contention that we know.—ED.

pendence has been but a blind to hide the real aim of the enormous military preparations of the Republics which commenced years before the disastrous Jameson Raid.

Similar views have been published by the Wesleyan Synod of the Western Province of Cape Colony, by the Right Rev. Anthony Gaughran, Roman Catholic Vicar-Apostolic of Kimberley; by the Cape Town Presbyterian Church; and by Dr. Stewart, founder of Lovedale College, and Moderator of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland. The Rev. W. Fisher, for ten years Congregational minister at Cape Town, states that he

believes from the bottom of his heart the war was inevitable, unless we are prepared to abandon the colonists and the blacks to the most ruthless oppression the world has ever seen; that, were all the ministers of each denomination in South Africa gathered together, every one would support the position he had taken up.

The Rev. Charles Phillips, Congregational minister at Johannesburg, states that all the ministers of the Free Churches believe that war was inevitable.

These expressions of opinion might be almost indefinitely multiplied, and constitute, at any rate, *prima facie* evidence of the justice of our cause. Even among the clergy of the Dutch Reformed Church, who have a special motive in this question, there have been those who, like Mr. Adrian Hofmeyr and the Rev. J. S. Du Toit, have strongly advocated the British view. The opinions of the latter are the more remarkable, as he is one of the four signatories of the Convention of 1884, and would, at any rate, be supposed to know what the intention of its provisions was.

"It is," he says, "my firm conviction that now England is in the right and the Transvaal wrong. England is fighting

for the violated rights of the Uitlanders, for which she is responsible under the Convention, and for the maintenance of her paramount power in South Africa against the Transvaal, who promised in Article 4 of the Convention to respect that supremacy, but now openly defies it. The Transvaal fights, not for her independence, for England has repeatedly offered to guarantee that, but for the maintenance of injustice and for the vindication of an oligarchy which has enriched itself at the expense of the country."

The history of British South Africa is so well known now that it hardly needs recapitulation. The British first occupied the Cape in 1795 during the war with France, and in 1802 returned it to the Batavian Republic, on the conclusion of the Peace of Amiens. War broke out again in 1803; in 1806 the British once more occupied Cape Town, and in 1814 Cape Colony was formally ceded to England with certain other Dutch possessions for the sum of £6,000,000. Great Britain, therefore, holds Cape Colony by conquest and purchase. In the cession of the Cape of Good Hope by the king of Holland to England, Mr. Paul Kruger said in 1881, "lies the root out of which subsequent events and our present struggle have grown."

Mr. Kruger went on to say that a further cause was to be found in the emancipation of the slaves. This took place in 1834, and has rankled ever since, not only because the compensation paid to the Dutch farmers was inadequate, but also because from time immemorial they have refused to recognize the rights of the coloured man, and have, as missionaries know well, consistently ill-treated him.

The Great Trek was a movement to escape from British control in this and other respects; but it should be remembered that as early as 1836 Great Britain claimed jurisdiction in South Africa south

of latitude 25 degrees, the latitude of Delagoa Bay, and by an Act of Parliament of that year all offences within that zone were made cognisable in colonial courts.

The annexation of the Transvaal by England in 1877 was a step, no doubt, premature; but as the Transvaal treasury was empty, anarchy prevailing, and Cetewayo about to attack a disorganized and practically defenceless people at the time, there is little doubt that the act was welcome to the inhabitants. After annexation came the struggle with Cetewayo, in which Great Britain, at a great cost of treasure and life, removed the danger which threatened the Transvaal, and then reorganized the finance and administration of the Transvaal. This once complete, the agitation for independence began. It is unnecessary to go into the disastrous war which ended, after Majuba in 1881, in the retrocession of the Transvaal. But, further, when Mr. Kruger visited England in 1884, and was trying to get a loan under the auspices of Baron Grant, he issued a special invitation to Englishmen to settle in the Transvaal and a promise of welcome. Englishmen then had a special right there, and there is little doubt that, had Mr. Kruger kept the spirit and letter of the Convention, subsequent difficulties would not have arisen. But gradually from this time forward legislation was introduced into the Transvaal Parliament depriving English settlers of their most cherished privileges. Their political privileges guaranteed as a condition precedent to the Convention of 1881 were withdrawn; the freedom of the press, the right of public meeting, and the right of trial by peers were denied them. The administration became more and more corrupt. The independence of the judiciary was sapped. Monopolies were instituted which

enhanced the price of the necessities of life, and even, as in the case of the dynamite monopoly, constituted a danger to the life and limb of working men. The Jameson Raid, a most mischievous act of interference from outside, had nothing to do with the development of events, except to make the grievances of the Uitlanders better known, the interference of the British Government more difficult, and the lot of British subjects harder to bear.

In 1885 the Boers attempted to annex Bechuanaland, an attempt which was frustrated by Sir Charles Warren's expedition at a cost of something like £2,000,000 to Great Britain. In the same year they invaded Zululand, and established the new republic which was recognized as a Boer state in 1886 and annexed to the Transvaal in 1887. In 1894 the practice of commandeering, that is, compelling, the service of British subjects, and seizing their property for the Transvaal wars, and in 1897 the oppressive Alien Law, led to declarations on the part of the British Government which must have involved hostilities if Mr. Kruger had not given way. Even before then, as long ago as 1884, Mr. Kruger had begun to look round for help in Europe; and though Article 4 of the Convention rendered it impossible for treaties with foreign powers to be openly concluded without the Queen's approval, there is little doubt that the subsequent activity of Dr. Leyds was against the spirit if not the letter of that provision. The internal armament and military organization of the Transvaal seems to have begun after 1885; but it was not till the Transvaal revenue grew in the early nineties that large sums were expended on ammunition and forts.

On the negotiations of the last few years, in which the Govern-

ment's hand was weakened and that of the Dutch Government strengthened by the deplorable Jameson Raid, it is unnecessary to dwell, as they are within the memory of all; though we may point out, in passing, that Mr. Kruger's life had been passed in making raids, including one in 1857 on the Orange Free State, and the shock to him of Dr. Jameson's act could hardly have caused him, personally, moral or intellectual damage.

The Free State had no real reason, according to Mr. Du Toit, for entering on the war; and the pretext given by President Steyn that England desired to annex the Orange Free State is too absurd to be believed by the most ardent advocate of the Boer cause. For four-and-twenty years the Orange Free State has received the utmost consideration from England and her South African colonies. About 1875 a few educated Germans and Afrikaners at Bloemfontein founded *The Express* newspaper, for the purpose of putting the anti-British side of all questions before the Boer population. Though conducted moderately at first, it soon fell into the hands of Carl Borckenhagen, a German subject, who came to South Africa for his health, and it became the vehicle of the grossest misrepresentation of English acts and intentions. It was the victories of the Boers in 1881, followed by the retrocession of the Transvaal, which first led the Dutch of the Free State to believe they could conquer England.

After President Brand's death in 1888, under the presidency of Mr. Reitz and of Mr. Steyn, the position of Englishmen in the Free State became worse and worse. They gradually disappeared from the public service, except in the railway and medical branches, where reliable men with technical knowledge were required. The

crusade against the English language became more and more vigorous.

Before we mention the question of a final settlement, we must cast a glance at the position in Cape Colony, which is much more difficult, as far as the loyalists are concerned, than those who live at home at all conceive. Loyalists there, as elsewhere, have made and are making cheerfully the greatest sacrifices for Queen and country, in the hope that a final settlement will bring, not only a more tolerable existence to them, but peace and prosperity to Dutch and English alike.

The first question we have to ask with regard to Cape Colony is whether there has existed any Dutch conspiracy and ambition or aspiration to oust the British from South Africa. Such an intention, as we have seen, undoubtedly existed in the Transvaal and in the Free State. In Natal the Boer party represented a fraction probably as small as the British party in the Free State. In Cape Colony I think it can be shown that ever since 1881 there has been growing up a great national Boer movement, though it was not joined by all Dutchmen, and the old families especially held aloof. It is a movement hard for Englishmen to understand, knowing as they do the countless benefits of civil and religious freedom which are brought by the English flag.

In the Transvaal, whatever injury a black sustained, he had no chance of redress. In Johannesburg the Kaffirs were whipped, without having any trial, for walking on the pavement. A black man is also prevented from owning land. In the British colonies the black man has absolute equality with the white before the law.

There are, then, two economic questions: the labour question, and the land question. The Dutch

hope to exploit black labour in town and country. This has been the keynote of the history of South Africa. No better instance of Dutch feeling can be given than the administration of the existing liquor law in Johannesburg to the ruin, physical and moral, of the coloured population, in spite of protests made by all religious leaders. The land question is even a more pressing one in many districts in Cape Colony and Natal. Under Dutch law farms are divided among the descendants, and there has recently grown up a class of landless men. For all these the land still held by the natives is a Naboth's vineyard, and they look forward to seizing it when Great Britain shall no longer be there to protect the native population, as she has done in every treaty with the Dutch in South Africa.

Next, and more important still, is the religious question. As the English language spread in Cape Colony a desire arose among the old Dutch families to have service conducted in English, and many even joined corresponding English churches. This movement frightened the Dutch clergy, who have always prided themselves on keeping a strong hold on their flock, and who were even obliged to give in and hold some services in English in the towns. To meet this they joined in raising the cry of equality for both languages, which was obtained in Cape Colony in 1882, and then set to work to capture the local education boards, with such success that English children are at a disadvantage in many cases, owing to the preference given to the Dutch language. This movement "pro domo" was strengthened by the work of the Theological College at Stellenbosch, to which students go straight from the plough, returning to their native villages as full-

fledged priests. In former days they travelled to Europe, and came back with a wider knowledge of the world. The effect of this has been the growth of a class of Dutch clergy who hate the English language and everything that is English, leave out the prayer for the Queen, and refuse to mention her Majesty's name in their churches, to the great indignation of the loyal Dutch. In fact, the priests, elders, and deacons of the Dutch Reformed Church alone would have kindled the revolutionary spirit which now exists in Cape Colony.

At first the Afrikaner Bond was merely a farmers' organization, and loyal to the throne; but it was soon leavened by the republican spirit. In 1882 it obtained equal rights for both languages in the Cape Parliament, which meant that for the electorate any abuse of the English was a title to confidence, and for the elected that no knowledge of English was necessary. There are, in fact, members in the Cape Parliament who can hardly follow a debate in English. It secured an ignorant and therefore docile and bigoted following in the Cape Parliament and in the country.

As time went on the Bond increased in power. It has not only stirred up race differences; it has revived old sores, like the story of Slagters Nek, absolutely forgotten and unknown on the spot where it had taken place. It captured the educational system. It imported Hollander teachers, and caused English children to be placed at a disadvantage with Dutch children. It boycotted loyal Englishmen in the professional classes; it has to such an extent captured the Civil Service, that the field-cornets are nearly all Dutch, and therefore it is a matter of frequent complaint that they do not report the disloyal colonists. The loyalty of the Bond

is purely a lip loyalty, exemplified by a phrase quoted in a letter sent me: "We shall join the Boers when they come, but we are quite loyal." The Bond motto is "Africa for the Afrikaners"; and it has done its work so well that there is a positive premium on disloyalty. This campaign is well supported by the Dutch organ *Ons Land*, the seditious tone of which shows the extent of freedom allowed in an English colony.

It is true that, owing to the profound contempt which the vacillation and cowardice of the British Government has inspired, it was thought a war would be a picnic, and that the British soldier would not and could not fight. But a movement was already on foot. Arms had been supplied to all the Dutch in Dutch districts, including the very poorest; arms have been found in large quantities in several districts since the war broke out. Promises of armed help had been made, and, as it appears from the prisoners, are well known not only to commandants, but also to the rank and file of the Transvaal forces. Threats have been levelled, not only at loyal colonists, but also at the loyal natives; and it seemed as if the threats would be carried out. Such was the situation at the commencement of the war, and it is not too much to say that, bad as the situation now is, in a year or two it would have been much worse.

It would, therefore, seem that the war was both just and inevitable, if we were not to abandon our kith and kin to those whom our own weakness and vacillation have made their bitter enemies. The only end of the war which Great Britain can tolerate is the hoisting of the British flag at Pretoria and Bloemfontein, and the annexation once and for all of the

two Republics, the foci of intrigue and sedition. This and the compensation of all loyal colonists for the losses they have suffered, together with provision for equal rights for all white men and equal protection for all coloured men, is the very least the country can ask. It is certainly the very least that our colonists in Australasia and Canada, who have a right to be consulted, would tolerate, and the least the people of India, who have so large a stake in Africa, will require if British prestige is to be maintained there. I for one firmly believe that out of all our misfortunes much good has come, and that there is more to follow. The federation of the Empire bids fair to be an accomplished fact before the war ends. Our military system must be reorganized on that basis. Great imperial questions can only be considered henceforth from that point of view. It will be no small gain to England, if we can lift colonial, imperial, military, and naval policy out of the slough of party politics. It will be no small gain to our cousins in America to have gained in us a strong military as well as a strong naval ally! and if that alliance, unconditional and unwritten as it must remain, only becomes an accomplished fact, there will be some prospect that the year which began in such a disastrous war may be the harbinger of many years of worldwide peace. For who is there amongst us to whom peace is not the first and foremost object of public policy, or to whom the words, once quoted, I believe, by Lord Chatham, do not appeal as strongly now as ever?—"God bless our country! May length of days be in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour; may all her ways be plenteousness, and all her paths peace!"

A DAY IN THRUMS.



J. M. BARRIE.

It is a far cry to Kirriemuir, the famous "Kailyaird" Thrums, though when you reach Forfar, the train soon sweeps you round the curve of some seven miles and lands you at the foot of "a stey brae." Nor is this the only hill you have to face in Thrums; it is "a toon o' braes." Kirriemuir may almost be said to be beautiful for situation; looking from the hill above the quarries on a clear day the eye delights in a stretch of fine scenery—from Perthwards round to Brechin. It is not, however, the country round I have come to see, it is the town itself. Its size

may be inconsiderable, but it bulks larger in public interest than bigger places. To be exact, the number of souls in it is 4,179, and if the whole parish be included, the number is 6,090; a cleanly, thriving, "wee toon." I inquired of an intelligent shopkeeper as to the meaning of "Kirrie;" as for "muir" (moor), I thought I knew what it meant. In saying this I soon found that I was speaking away from the book, for my interlocutor replied that the name had fully a dozen renderings, from "Corrie Mohr," the Gaelic for "great corrie," or the hollow between the

hills, to Kerlymore, Kerimore, and so on till I cried, "Stop, stop, my friend, I give it up." But what about "Thrums"? "Oh, it's the strands or threads of yarn spun into thrums for weaving." The place was once a hive of weavers, though I only heard the click of the loom once that day. Let no one imagine, as I did, that it is an ancient-looking, old-world sort of town, with thatched houses, earthen floors, and tumbledown buildings.

Whether Mr. Barrie has reformed Thrums or not, I dare not affirm anything, but that he has re-formed it is patent to all; he gave it renown, and it rose to the apprecia-

the top of which Babbie stood beside the "little minister" as he cried to the rioters, "Lay down your weapons!" is gone, and on its site stands the brand-new post-office, a contrast to Lizzie Harrison's so-called bookseller's shop, the stock-in-trade of which was not literature, but "nicknacks, from marbles up to concertinas," and where the inquiring Lizzie "steamed" the letters, learned every one's business, and then despatched the letters at her leisure.

The first thing was to see the square, "packed away in the centre of Thrums;" the theatre not only of the riots, but of the life of the



PARK HEAD FARM AND THE WINDOW IN THRUMS.

tion of its fame. Pilgrims come from all parts of Britain, as well as from the wide, wide world. One informant said: "They had crowds of Americans the last summer," and another declared that "a special train-full of Americans came one day from Perth," remarking that "Mr. Barrie's books were better known in America than at home." So Thrums rises to the occasion, and an air of respectability pervades everything and every one; new red-sandstone houses face you wherever you turn; all is new, "spic an' span." The old Town House, with its square tower and outside stair, on

town, for every one gravitated thither; but to see it in its glory you must go to the Weekly Fair, or chiefest, to the great "Muckley" Fair. There was no difficulty in finding the square; indeed, you cannot miss it, for if one may compare small places with great, as all roads lead to Rome, so in Thrums all wynds and ways lead to the square. I counted seven ways of access, and if three lanes be reckoned, as I was told they may, then you have ten avenues of approach. But it is not the square Barrie describes, where "the houses squeeze close to it like chickens clustering round a hen;" no, for new shops



and buildings confront you whatever way you turn." A little distance down Bank Street stood the Auld Licht Kirk; I say "stood," for it is gone now, and a new one stands on its site, with shops on the ground floor. True, the south gable is part of the old structure. The spire of the parish kirk obtrudes itself upon your vision wherever you are, so I went down the wynd from the square and wandered round the kirkyard, seeing (in my mind) the "ancients" of the family with whom Snecky Hobart, the bellman, lived, following "their favourite dissipation, all dressed in rusty blacks, dandering about among the grave-stones." Inside the kirk I recalled the rowdy scenes when the seats were "rouped" (put up to auction).

But it was time I made my way to "The House on the Brae," where Jess sat for twenty years sewing and observing the life of Thrums out of the window. Going from the square by Baillie Street, you descend a steep brae leading to the South-muir. The brae descended means the brae to climb, and as we mount it the road sweeps round, with the "commonalty" on your right hand, and there before you on the brow of the hill stands the whitewashed cottage; so steep is the brae that

cyclists are warned not to ride down it. There, in the gable-end is the one little window; so wee is it that Mr. Barrie speaks of it as "one square foot of glass." With the aid of her husband, Hendry, and Leebie, her daughter, and "clutching her staff," she made her daily journey from her bed to her chair at the window, and at night-fall back to bed. Like all the rest of Thrums, this cottage has been brought up-to-date; structurally, it is as it was; internally, it is renewed. I sat in the "but end" (kitchen), where Hendry, Jess, and Leebie lived, and where the humorous and deeply pathetic scenes occurred described in that best of Barrie's books, "A Window in Thrums;" who can forget that touching twentieth chapter, "The Last Night," and all that followed?

I went "ben" to the parlour, where Hendry received his company, "Tibbie Mealmaker and her Man," to Jess' and Leebie's consternation, as they were not "red-ded up" for company; it was all trim and nice the day I stood there. Going out through the well-kept garden and across the road, I came to Mr. Barrie's own house, the "gushet" house, as it is called in Scotland, the triangular point dividing two roads, a substantial-looking building where his father

lives, and where he himself often comes. There was the room in which Margaret Ogilvy died; and in that other room, Jane Ann, the best and best-beloved of daughters, died three days before her mother, a scene never to leave the memory of the readers of "Margaret Ogilvy." I stood in the room where she sat with her New Testament on her knee; or maybe she was buried in "The Master of Ballantrae," or in "Carlyle;" in this room, and at that table the famous son wrote the "Auld Licht Idylls." Nor was it a small treat

inimitable comedy rose up before me as I went up the brae to Tammas McQuhatty's farmstead, saying to myself that if any one reads that chapter without a good laugh, it is because he cannot laugh.

My next point of attraction was the Den. I had been told that keeping to the burnside I should in a few minutes come to the mouth of the Den, at the head of which I should see the Cuttie Well, the Lair, and by climbing the steps, I should be on the border of the Caddam Wood, and in a few minutes would reach the Windyghoul.



THRUMS.

to see the very fine photograph of mother and daughter together, and I ventured to say: "Would that Mr. Barrie had given us that as a frontispiece to 'Margaret Ogilvy.'" In "A Window in Thrums," we are told that it is only a cry from the cottage to T'nowhead Farm, that is over the hill in "a bee-line." That was one of the places I must see, for have I not laughed heartily time and again as I have read that most humorous bit of writing I know of, "The Courting o' T'nowhead's Bell," chapter eight of "Auld Licht Idylls"? The whole

On entering the glen, the cliff or hill on either side, crowned with pines or firs, narrowed in. In the midst was a long stretch of smooth green sward, and the head of the Den is shaded, almost enveloped, by trees. Just here on your left is the famous Cuttie Well, now covered in and dry; "It is toom now," remarked a native. The mistress of the house asks you at tea, "Is your cup toom?" (empty). This was formerly a magic well to the lovers of Thrums; here their fate was often spelled out. Mounting the brae by the steps, you are soon

in Caddam Wood, where Mr. Disheart first met the Egyptian, a meeting portrayed with all Mr. Barrie's vividness on pages 48-9 of "The Little Minister." Here, too, was the Windyghoul, an avenue through woods up which he pursued the bewitching Babbie, and though he sought her at every turn and behind the trees "till his boots were chirping and his trousers streaked with mud," he found her not; she had eluded him and skipped over the hill to blow the horn.

Standing at the head of the Den by the Lair, and close to the Cuttie Well, and the Shoaging-stane, what reader of "Sentimental Tommy" (the truest and best exposition of the boy-nature from the interior we have) could help recalling the author's own description of the Den on pages 65-6, and humorous scenes of the "Siege of Thrums." Very naturally I came from the Den over the hill by way of the Double Dykes, though I found no trace of the house of the Painted Lady, down the Roods into the Square. My next objective was "The Tenements," in which was the house where Mr. Barrie was born, and just opposite was the Auld Licht Manse. I chanced upon an old lady of eighty, who told me many things of the earlier life of Margaret Ogilvy, as well as of the sharp lad, her son, now so famous. The manse once overlooked the town, though not now, for a row of villas obstructs the view, but there it stands on a gentle slope, enlarged, white-washed, and a manse no longer. I went through the door in the wall, and saw the garden (nearly all turned into a lawn now) and the

"summer-seat," where the memorable night interview between Babbie and the "little minister" took place.

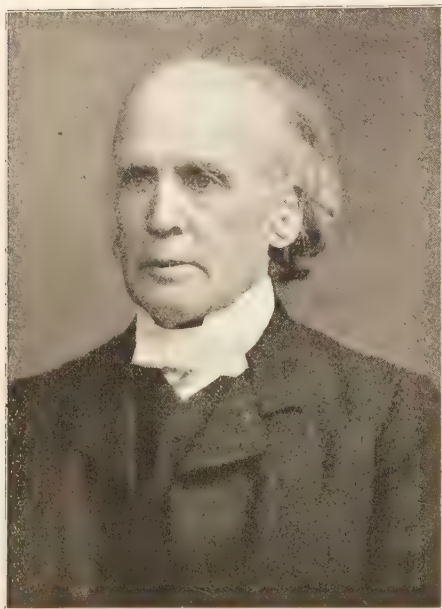
But I dared not linger; was there not the cemetery to be seen, and the quarry where Margaret Ogilvy's father worked, the "weather-beaten mason" with the "ever-hunting hoast" (cough), and "a great stoop in the Auld Licht Kirk"? I must also trace the way over the hill along which Margaret, the old mason's child-housekeeper, used to skip and run, singing as she went, with her father's dinner in a flagon (a tin can), "gleefully swinging it round, jumping the burn, and measuring the jump with her eye." The cemetery is up on the slope of the hill, off the Brechin road, and is finely laid out; not "the homely, quiet cemetery of the hillside," that poor Jean babbled about in her dying hours in London. I stood beside the grave of Margaret Ogilvy, and her dear daughter, Jane Ann, and read on the granite headstone the names of the Barries lying there. I stood for a moment before the tombstone of a Doctor Mill, who had long been the town's friend and physician, and wondered if this was the prototype of the Doctor McQueen of "The Little Minister" and "Sentimental Tommy." Reluctantly I turned stationwards, for my day was gone. I would fain have gone up Glen Quharity, to the Spittal, Cortachy, the home of the Ogilvys, "The Bonnie House o' Airlie," but this had to be left in the long, long list of unattained and unaccomplished things.—X. Y. Z., in Primitive Methodist Magazine.

Why fret thee, soul,
For things beyond thy small control?
Do but thy part, and thou shalt see

Heaven will have charge of these and thee.
Sow thou the seed, and wait in peace
The Lord's increase.

THE "GRAND OLD MAN" OF BRITISH METHODISM.*

BY THE REV. JOHN H. GRUBB.



THE REV. EBENEZER JENKINS, D.D.

British Methodism has in the ranks of its ministry many of whom it is justly proud, but none take a higher position than the Rev. Ebenezer E. Jenkins, LL.D. By general acknowledgment he is its "Grand Old Man." For upwards of half a century he has rendered priceless service to the Church of Jesus Christ. He is the most widely known and honoured representative of our Missionary Society now living. The original qualities of his mind and strongly marked personality, his eminent gifts as a preacher and public speaker, his lifelong devotion to the cause of missions, and his enthusiasm, at once intellectual and spiritual, always rising to its best when

India is his theme, have all contributed to secure for him a unique place in the love and esteem of his own Church, and to make him a man of mark beyond its borders.

By birth Dr. Jenkins is a West Countryman, being a native of Exeter, and was born May 20, 1820, so that he is now in his eighty-first year. In physique he is short, slim, with a striking countenance, firm, almost stern, and yet oftentimes lit up with a singular and ineffable sweetness. Indeed, I have seen on his face as much of the seraphic as I ever expect to see on the face of any Methodist preacher this side of heaven.

His portrait is lifelike. Imagine his hair quite white, and his face a little thinned, and you have before you the Dr. Jenkins of to-day. He has a sharp, shrill, and somewhat piercing voice, and when he rises to speak, whether in the Conference, or in committee, or on the platform, every ear is eager to listen. But it is in the pulpit where Dr. Jenkins shines most. He is there a king, and the pulpit is his throne. There is a grand impressiveness about him which at once fastens attention. There is no hurry of speech, no rapid interflowing rhetorical arrangement of words—slow, quiet, impressive. His sermons are marked by such clearness and polish as indicate a mastery of our best English classics, and are perfect models of tenderness and strength. He is at his very best in defending Christianity, and in exposing the inefficiency of a no-faith philosophy.

Dr. Jenkins comes of a genuine Methodist stock, his early years being spent amid healthy religious influences. In the course of a recent

* Text and portrait by courtesy of *Central Christian Advocate*.

address to the missionary students at Richmond College, he said: "My earliest recollections of Methodist preachers are very pleasant. They impressed me as gentlemen and saints. They frequented my father's house, and the notice they took of us children inspired reverence and affection. When we were old enough to understand something of their teaching we were never allowed to criticise it; and we never heard from our parents any remarks on 'the sermon' other than those that expressed a grateful appreciation of the message delivered." Would that like religious influences surrounded all our Methodist families on both sides of the Atlantic! His brothers, and, indeed, so far as is known, his relatives, are clever, and in several instances have come to honour and influence. Dr. John Jenkins, his eldest brother, sometime in our ministry, recently deceased, was for many years a leading Presbyterian minister on your side the water, in Montreal, Canada.

In his youth Dr. Ebenezer E. Jenkins had no thoughts of the ministry, his predilections being rather in the direction of the realm of literature. Gradually the conviction was borne upon him that he was destined to be a preacher of the Gospel. When at length he offered himself as a candidate there were serious misgivings as to his health. His trial sermon was a failure. It was reported to be "cold and metaphysical." Said Dr. Jenkins once in my hearing when referring to this incident: "As if a preacher could be anything else than cold and metaphysical at six o'clock in the morning with an audience of fifteen persons!" However, he was accepted, Dr. Rigg and Dr. Morley Punshon being fellow candidates with him that year. Instead of a collegiate course and a subsequent

appointment to an English circuit, for which he had a strong preference, he was a few months after his acceptance suddenly sent off to India.

The eighteen years he spent in the Madras presidency were years of arduous toil, noble self-sacrifice, and successful labour. India fairly captivated his heart and his imagination, gaining a firmer hold as the years glided on. As a boy I have a vivid recollection of his first visit to our home in 1856, and his addresses at Exeter Hall and at Great Queen Street Chapel. His speeches distilled as the dew—clear, pure, sparkling, with strokes of wit and touches of pathos; his sentences crisp, incisive, pungent, his whole personality glowing, and at times breaking out into impassioned eloquence. It was the first of a series of speeches on India by which during more than forty years, in all parts of Great Britain, Dr. Jenkins has rendered invaluable service to the cause of missions, and particularly to our own society. Eight years later, to his great sorrow, the state of his wife's health compelled him to leave India and take an English circuit.

Since then he has been in the front rank of the English ministry. In 1875 he revisited India at the request of our Missionary Committee, extending his visit to China and Japan. Two years later, by popular vote, he was appointed one of our General Missionary Secretaries, which office he held with great honour to himself and advantage to the Society until some eleven years ago, when he retired from active official life. In 1880 Dr. Jenkins attained the highest honours our Conference has to bestow. His versatility of gifts, and an elasticity of bodily and mental energies, enabled him to bear the stress and strain of office with comparative ease, whilst his imperishable good temper and urbanity

made him most popular as our President. Four years later he again revisited India and China, returning home by way of Japan. Considering his advanced years he is marvellously active, travelling frequently between Lancashire and London to attend important committees, and in various ways to further the interests of Methodism. He is a most saintly man, held in love and respect among all the churches.

He received his degree of LL.D. some years ago from Victoria Uni-

versity of Canada. While not a voluminous writer like Dr. Rigg, he has rendered most valuable service by his well known Fernley lecture on "Modern Atheism," also a published volume of sermons, and other writings. As a brotherhood we greatly love and esteem him, and hope he may yet be spared to us for some few years longer to promote by his saintly character, as by his tongue and pen, the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

INDIRECTION.

BY RICHARD REALF.

Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fairer ;
Rare is the roseburst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer ;
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter ;
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning outmastered the metre.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the growing ;
Never a river that flows, but a majesty sceptres the flowing ;
Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than he did enfold him ;
Never a prophet foretells, but a mightier seer hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs, the painter is hinted and hidden ;
Into the statue that breathes, the soul of the sculptor is bidden ;
Under the joy that is felt, lie the infinite issues of feeling ;
Crowning the glory revealed, is the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symbolled is greater ;
Vast the creation beheld, but vaster the inward Creator ;
Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift stands the giving ;
Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit ; the deed is outdone by the doing ;
The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of the wooing ;
And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the heights where those shine,
Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence of life is divine.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

THE SEA KINGS.

Since the *Golden Hind* went 'round the Horn and circled a world unknown,
Wherever the tides of God have beat and the winds of God have blown,
From the sunrise seas to the sundown seas, by the storm and the spindrift whirled,
The sons of the men who sailed with Drake have ruled the water world.

And whether they sail from Plymouth Hoe or out of the Golden Gate,
They are brothers in blood linked heart to heart and to a resistless fate ;
For the quenchless ardour to rule the seas, which time can never slake,
Makes the same blood race through Dewey's veins that throbbed from the heart
of Drake.

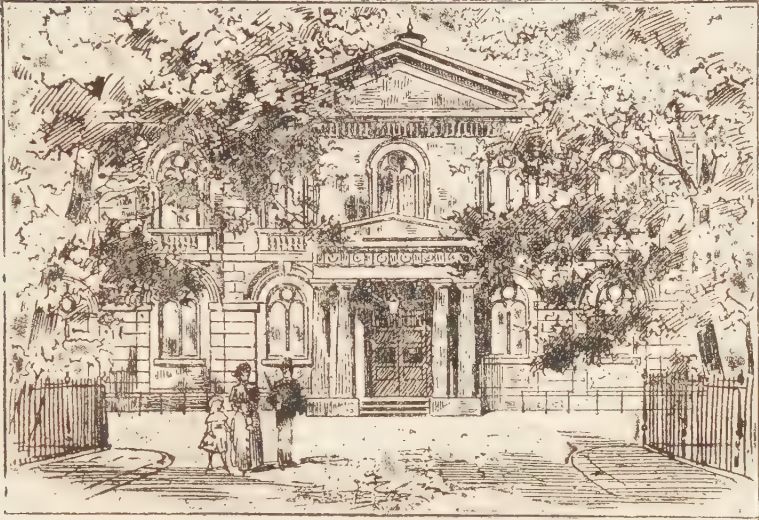
And all the way out of Trafalgar, down into Manila Bay,
The Anglo-Saxon has sailed and fought and struggled and won his way ;
And wherever the tides of God may beat and the winds of God may blow,
It will be to-morrow as it is to-day and was in the long ago !

—*New York Sun.*

THE WESTMINSTER ABBEY OF METHODISM.

*THE PLACE APPOINTED FOR THE METHODIST ECUMENICAL COUNCIL
OF 1901.*

BY THE REV. W. HARRISON.



CITY ROAD CHAPEL.

Wesley's Chapel, City Road, London, is a centre of profound interest to universal Methodism. No other spot in this modern world possesses to the Methodist community so many sacred associations and undying memories. The Annual Conference of British Methodism, held last August, was the twentieth which has met within its historic walls. We do not wonder that as the visitor stands for the first time within the precincts of this Mecca of a world-wide Methodism, strange and glad sensations thrill the soul. Troops of bright and holy recollections are marshalled around this famous shrine, and we are not surprised that the eyes and thoughts of millions are centred here. Processions of devout pilgrims from almost every land have

passed through those hallowed aisles, and with hushed and reverent steps have walked around the graves of Wesley and his honoured dead.

England possesses few religious structures so richly fraught with such lofty and sanctified associations, and we envy not the heart that does not warm to finest feeling in an atmosphere like this. For over one hundred and twenty years this building has been a place of widest interest, and a bright succession of memorable scenes have transpired within its walls. Ranks of representative men of early Methodism, excluded from the galleries of earthly fame, here file before us, and the holy house is fragrant with their heroic names and deeds. Spiritual giants of departed years here touch us with

their invisible wands, and send us away to thought and toil under the purest of all fascinations, and with the inspiration and power of some peculiar and blessed charm. To stand on this favoured spot of Methodism, within the pulpit occupied by Wesley and his noble helpers, beside the house in which he lived, and close by the room in which he died, is to come near the very beginnings of a movement which was destined to arouse the world from its long, deep sleep, and to touch, as it were, the very springs of what is now a vast, beneficent river, sweeping on in affluent streams across the earth.

It is no wonder that ten thousand persons entered this noble sanctuary to look at the placid countenance of the apostle of the new evangelism as he lay in his coffin, for already the spiritual slumbers of a nation had been broken by his instrumentality, and the day-dawn for aggressive Christian achievement had sent its first blush of promise over all the land. Consecrated hands had lifted high the torch of Gospel truth, and clarion voices, which the fiercest antagonisms had failed to hush, rang out in burning words the arrival of a new era and the starting of a movement which was to multiply its energies and go forward in its march of Christian triumph until it should stand out as the dominant Protestant religion in the world.

What a constellation of worthies shine in this great cathedral of Methodism! We are touched to tenderness, if not to tears, when we remember the throngs of distinguished men who have ministered within its walls, and whose remains now sleep so peacefully amid all the noise and roar of London's infinite excitement and complicated and tumultuous life. Among the names which have found a memorial in this shrine of

Methodism's illustrious dead are John and Charles Wesley, John Fletcher, Adam Clarke, Richard Watson, Thomas Coke, Joseph Benson, Thomas Jackson, Jabez Bunting, Robert Newton, William Shaw, John Mason, Theo. Lessey, Edmund Grindrod, Dr. Waddy, Sir Francis Lycet, Dr. Jobson, and W. Morley Punshon, Gervase Smith, Dr. Moulton, and many others. In the presence of these chronicles of the good and great, our best emotions are uppermost, and while there comes over us an unspeakable pathos as we think of their vanished forms, there still remains the redeeming fact that such lives as these make our humanity majestic, and invest it with a dignity and attractiveness which time's fierce hand cannot destroy.

This Westminster Abbey of Methodism is a perpetual commemoration of the man who, during his blessed ministry of over half a century, travelled two hundred and fifty thousand miles, sent out two hundred publications which he wrote or compiled, and preached forty thousand sermons. This man, "sent from God, whose name was John," was the embodiment and expression of forces which have already wrought out mighty moral renovations, and his sons and successors are to-day heard speaking in more tongues than were ever spoken in the whole Roman Empire in the time of its widest extent, and American Methodists alone, at the end of a century and a half, outnumber the entire census of Christianity at the end of the first three centuries.

To look into this venerable building, where much has transpired to give existence and form to Methodist institution and law, to stand among its thronging and inspiring memories, to walk with subdued feelings around the graveyard, where a glorious company of over five thousand of the early

Methodists await the resurrection of the just, is to get near departed generations of the honoured dead, and to feel the first warm, full throb of a movement which has furnished a mighty impulse to the spread of evangelical Christianity, and is evidently destined to traverse every continent and island on the earth, and in its high and holy mission to elevate and bless the world.

We do not wonder that Dean Stanley, fully appreciating the moral and religious significance of the place, and its memorials and traditions of more than a century, once declared, in the broad, catholic spirit which distinguished him, that he would give a hundred pounds to preach from its pulpit. Never was City Road Chapel more prized and honoured than to-day. The past enthusiastic commemorations have only tended to give additional charm to the famous shrine. Never in all its history did such a representative and brilliant assembly surround this dear old abbey of Methodism as met a week before the Conference of last year entered upon its sessions. The work of enlargement and renovation having been completed at great expense, the reopening ceremonies were of such a character as to send a thrill of pardonable delight and pride throughout the whole extent of British Methodism.

Lord and Lady Strathcona, Sir John Lubbock, Sir Henry Fowler, Mr. Asquith, M.P., Mr. Perks, M.P., Bishop Warren, Dr. Stephenson, Hugh Price Hughes, W. L. Watkinson, Dr. Rigg, Dr. Jenkins, C. H. Kelly, Dr. Parker, and many others, took part, and all were intense and eloquent in their tributes to the mission of Methodism and the saintly men whose names and memories are now safely chronicled in this cherished house of prayer.

Dr. Parker, in his noble and timely sermon, declared Wesley's pulpit to be one of the most illustrious pulpits of the world. Sir John Lubbock expressed the warm sympathy felt by other communions in the great services of the Wesleyan community. Lord Strathcona said that Wesleyan Methodism had been one of the great factors in the building up of Canada and the Empire, and Mr. Asquith said that Methodism was an illustration of the enduring vitality of movements born of enthusiasm, and declared that "John Wesley belongs not to a sect, not to Methodism only, but to England and Christendom." Without any desire to utter an empty boast, we have not the slightest hesitation in ranking the Westminster Abbey of Methodism among the most richly memoried buildings in the world.

Bathurst, N.B., Canada.

THY BURDEN.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

To every one on earth
God gives a burden to be carried down
The road that lies between the Cross and
crown.
No lot is wholly free;
He giveth one to thee.

Some carry it aloft,
Open and visible to any eyes,
And all may see its form and weight and
size;
Some hide it in their breast,
And deem it thus unguessed.

Thy burden is God's gift,
And it will make the bearer calm and
strong.
Yet, lest it press too heavily and long,
He says, "Cast it on Me,
And it shall easy be."

And those who heed His voice,
And seek to give it back in trustful prayer,
Have quiet hearts that never can despair;
And hope lights up the way
Upon the darkest day.

METHODIST FORWARD MOVEMENT IN EDINBURGH.*

BY THE REV. S. HORTON.

The Rev. George Jackson stands for progressive Methodism in Scotland. For long years it was taken for granted that Methodism north of the Tweed must necessarily be a dwarfed and stunted thing, and that its warmth and glow were altogether alien to the cold and unemotional nature of the Scotch people. Presbyterianism is indigenous; it has its roots in the character and sentiments of the nation; and the average Scotsman takes as naturally to it as he does to his plate of porridge in the morning. It has fairly covered the field with all kinds of Missionary Agencies, and has done its work, perhaps, more thoroughly than any other Church in the world.

All this, and much more, has been urged repeatedly as the reason for the slow progress of Methodism, and was considered as satisfactory and sufficient. Mr. Jackson has demonstrated that a Methodism that is alive and alert can not only succeed, but can win victories in Scotland equal to any that it has to boast of in England. To gather a church of upwards of six hundred members; to have made a position for himself amongst the great

preachers of Edinburgh; to have created a large constituency, and generally to have raised the prestige of Methodism, and hopefully to face a Building Scheme that will cost £50,000 with every chance of success, and all in the comparatively short space of ten years, is, to say the least, a notable achievement.

To learn how it has been done I waited on Mr. Jackson, and requested him to tell me the story. He lives in a comfortable manse in Morningside, not far from the beautiful Braid Hills. He received me very kindly, and readily consented to give me the particulars I sought. I had often seen his portrait, but had never met him before. He is below, rather than above, the medium height, with an eager, impressionable face, full of vivacity and of good humour. Like all men who do any work worth doing, Mr. Jackson is an optimist, and one cannot be in his company many minutes without catching the spirit of his cheery hopefulness. His library, like all about him, is thoroughly up-to-date, and is apt to bring a poorer brother dangerously near to a breach of the tenth commandment. His outlook is that of a man who has lived among big things, and who has realized that life is real and earnest.

After a little informal chat, I said, "Now tell me how you first came to start your work in Edinburgh?"

"Well," he replied, "it came about in this way. It was not a case of taking up an old deserted place and working it on new lines, as so many of our missions are. Some years ago a Free Church

* The last time we were in Edinburgh we were wonderfully impressed by what we saw of the earnest, aggressive work of Methodism in that old city, the city of Knox and Chalmers and of the "Old Guard" of Calvinism. The service was held in the large Synod Hall of the United Presbyterian Church, and was one of the most earnest evangelistic services we ever attended. The great hall, which would accommodate about two thousand persons, was well filled, and the good Scotch folk seemed to thoroughly appreciate the warmth and heartiness of Methodist worship. We have pleasure in reprinting from the *Primitive Methodist Magazine* the accompanying account of this Forward Methodist Movement in the Athens of the North.—Ed.

minister, named Borrie, of Blairgowrie, left a sum of money at his death to be devoted to the spread of Methodism in Scotland. He had been blest under the Methodists, and this was his thank-offering. The question was how best to spend it so as to fulfil the purpose of the donor. The Rev. T. T. Lambert was the Chairman of the District, and largely on his initiative the determination was arrived at to commence a West End Mission. It was also through him that I was chosen for the work of the mission."

"Then when you came you had no church," I said.

"No, when I started we had no church, no membership, no organization. Until the following November we had not even a meeting-place. Then we took the old Albert Hall—a kind of third-rate theatre. The accommodation for Methodist purposes left much to be desired. That, until last May, formed our headquarters, when we were compelled to give it up."

"But you held services in the Synod Hall before then," I remarked.

"Yes; the way we came to take the Synod Hall was this. The exhibition held in Edinburgh in 1890 brought strangers from all parts of the world to the city, and as very few Presbyterian churches then held Sunday evening services, we were soon crowded to overflowing. As a temporary expedient, we took the Synod Hall for the Sabbath evenings, intending to return to our own hall when the rush was over. I cannot speak too highly of the kindness and forbearance of the United Presbyterian friends in allowing us so long to occupy their hall, at inconvenience to themselves. You will readily understand that not having a home of our own is a great hindrance to our work. We are meeting now in four different places."

"And your congregations, what of them?"

"On an ordinary Sunday evening we are nearly full. The hall seats 2,000. Our chief work is among young men and women. First of all there are the shop assistants. We get large numbers of these. Then clerks, students, and servant maids find a home with us. In most of the houses in the West End there are two or three servants, and we make special efforts to get hold of these. They make very capital members once you lay hold of them, though necessarily they are a migratory class, and we have difficulties sometimes in tracing them when they leave."

"Our Social Hour," he continued, in answer to another question, "is a very valuable auxiliary of our work. After the Sunday evening prayer-meeting, we meet all the young folks who care to come, and we spend the time in chat and singing, and perhaps a reading if we can get one of the right kind. There is no speaking unless I wish to say a few words to them on some important matter. The idea is to make it as much a home-circle as possible. Then we have refreshments, tea and cake, and finish with family worship. You see, in a city like Edinburgh there are hundreds of young people who are in lodgings. They have no home, nowhere, in fact, to go after the service is over. We thus provide a place for them. Of course, we make a point of one of the ministers always being present. It affords us among other advantages, the opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with them."

I ventured to suggest that it must be a serious tax on the minister at the close of a Sabbath's work to have this additional burden placed upon him.

"Yes," was the reply, "but it is worth it. You see, when our Sunday afternoon meeting is held, I

never preach in the morning, so that I am fresh for that service. As to the cost, well, we take an offering as they go out which nearly pays for the refreshments. There is a loss of a few pounds in the year, but the amount is so small as not to be worth taking into account."

"Well, tell me something about your New Scheme," I said.

"Well, you know that we have purchased a site at Tollcross,—the very best in the city for our purposes probably, all things considered,—and are already busy erecting our new premises. The site cost £20,000, and the buildings will cost £30,000. Towards this we are trying to raise £25,000, and the other £25,000 will be met by shop rents. Up to the present I have in promises nearly £10,000. Of course, I anticipate a substantial grant from the Century Fund. But we need a considerable sum yet to see us through. What I have received up to the present has mostly been in small sums. I have no very large donations, except that of Mr. Perks, who has generously promised 500 guineas. Much of my time will now be taken up in going about raising the money required."

"We shall, I anticipate, be able to accommodate 2,000 people in the large hall; there will also be a lecture hall for about 300, and nearly twenty smaller rooms, with ten large shops occupying the whole of the street and basement floors."

Mr. Jackson then informed me that his method of pulpit preparation was to write pretty full notes, and to take what he has written with him into the pulpit. "I have never read a sermon," he went on to say, "but neither can I do without careful preparation. Of course, every Methodist minister has occasionally to speak impromptu, but I never do it if I can help it. I

am not naturally a fluent speaker, and unless I know exactly what I want to say before getting up I am apt to hesitate and stammer. I therefore prepare carefully for all my public work, and when thus prepared, feel at ease when speaking. I religiously set Saturday apart for my pulpit work, and on that day I see nobody, and take no appointments."

"But what about your printed sermons?" I inquired.

"All those," he answered, "were written after delivery. I can always write a sermon better after speaking it. I used to memorize, but at best it was slavish work, and is simply impossible when a preacher has to come twice before the same people every Sunday. Everything I do is made to serve the pulpit. All roads lead to Rome."

I then questioned Mr. Jackson on the place, and probable future, of Methodism in the ecclesiastical life of Scotland. "We have a place," he said, "in the larger towns and cities, but I question whether we have any mission in the small towns and villages. Presbyterianism has effectually met the religious needs of the people there, but even the Presbyterians themselves admit willingly that we supply a necessary element in the cities, and they would view with the greatest regret any attempt to withdraw our agencies. I am bound to say that so far as I have been able to gauge the feeling towards us, it is that they regard us, not as aliens and strangers, but as fellow-helpers in the great work of saving men. They open their churches and pulpits to us. I have twice preached in St. Giles', a thing, as you know, that would not be dreamt of in the Established Church in England. And there is no attempt at anything like patronage. One of the most interesting services ever held in Edinburgh

was that held in St. Giles', at the centenary of Wesley's death. There were representatives of all the Presbyterian bodies present, who took part, and the Professors of the University and the Lord Provost were also present."

"Methodism," he went on, "will succeed in the measure it is true to itself. If it attempts to become a diluted kind of Presbyterianism it will fail. One thing has been interesting me much lately, and that is the relation of Methodist doctrine to modern Presbyterian doctrine. A great change has come over me, for example, in my thought and feeling towards Calvinism. As a Methodist, of course, distrust of Calvinism was in the very bone. I have come to see, since I came to Scotland, that a great deal more can be said for it than at one time I would have liked to admit. There are two sides, and we have always been taught to look at the reverse side of the shield. I am sure that one secret of the religious strength of the Scottish character has been its Calvinism. I was so impressed with this that when I preached our District Synod sermon last year, I took as my subject, 'The debt we owe to Calvinism.' It is not true to say, as some do, that the old Calvinism is dead. What is dead is the old method of presenting it. The bitterness of the strife between Arminianism and Calvinism is also dead. But what I would call moderate Calvinism is still alive, as represented by such men as Dr. Marcus Dods and Dr. Stalker. I wish some one would write a book that would put fairly the modern presentation of Calvinism, as taught by these men. I am sure that there is a good deal to be said for it. I do not mean to say that I believe Arminianism is wrong, but I do mean to say that there is a good deal to be said for the other view."

It was interesting to hear this from one of the rising stars of Wesleyanism; indicative as it was of the tolerance that seems in the air towards those that differ in theological opinion in this city where so many hard battles have been fought over far less contentious matters. Methodist Union was then mentioned, and I found Mr. Jackson, as I expected, a very ardent advocate of it.

"I have great hopes that it will come," he said. "I know of no reason for six or seven different Methodist Churches. The union of the Free Church of Scotland with the United Presbyterians, which is now almost an accomplished fact, should be an object lesson to us. Soon the Presbyterian Church in Scotland will be one, except perhaps the Established Church, and, of course, nothing but Disestablishment could bring about a union with it. But it is a significant sign of the trend of things that the union of these two powerful bodies should be brought about so amicably, and with so little opposition."

I expressed the opinion that the union of Methodism would probably be by the road of the minor Methodist bodies uniting first, and instanced the overtures now going on between our own Connexion and the Bible Christians.

"Ah!" he replied with charming frankness, "it is in these lesser unions that I fear the danger lies. What I mean is this, that in order to bring about union some principle may be adopted that may hinder the larger union. I hope that whatever is done, the possibility of a united Methodism will not be lost sight of."

It has never yet been my privilege to hear Mr. Jackson preach, though I have had a taste of his quality in his first and most successful volume of sermons, "First Things First." I was not surprised to learn that upwards of

8,000 copies of it had been sold. For clear, terse presentation of great truths; for lofty ideals of life; for beauty of diction, and for unmistakable grip of principles, these sermons would be hard to beat. One cannot but feel when reading them that they are the utterances of a man in dead earnest; and that he has set out with the distinct purpose of moving the young men who gather to his ministry to a nobler life. He has published beside, "The Table Talk of Jesus," "The Ten Commandments," and "The Young Man's Bookshelf." I can well understand after this chat with Mr. Jackson, that he should attract the young to himself. I can also understand that he is popular as a preacher. He goes straight to his point; puts what he has to say in felicitous language, and avoids the ruts both in thought and speech.

Professor Blackie, after hearing him, wrote the following lines, and they are a very fine tribute coming from such a source:

"Well, this *was* preaching. Sermons mostly sound

Like windy puffs that brush the hair,
and fly

With flaunting sweep of words all round
and round,

But never touch our daily life, or try
To spot particular sins; but, like a leech,
Sharp to discern, and resolute to cure,
Thy words are lancets, and where thou
dost preach

Truth joints the arrow, and her aim is
sure.

"So preached St. Paul of Greekish sins to
Greeks,

Of Roman sins to Romans, everywhere
With sharp-nosed scent of home-bred sin
he speaks,

And hunts the skulking sinner to his
lair.

His fellow thou, with fearless practice
wise

To probe most deep the sore that nearest
lies."

THE PENTECOST.

(The Acts of the Apostles ii. 1-12.)

BY THE REV. J. PASCOE.

See the disciples of our Lord
Assembled in the "upper room,"
They all, in faith, with one accord,
Pray for the "Comforter" to come.

This was the promise to them given,
By Christ, their risen Lord above,
The Holy Ghost should come from heaven,
In all the plenitude of love.

These men were in their wonted place,
When suddenly there came a sound
Which rolled and filled the sacred space,
And shed its influence around.

As mighty rushing wind it came,
But bringing neither fear nor dread;
Peticodiac.

And then were seen the tongues of flame
Which sat on each disciple's head.

Thus on the Pentecost was given
The Comforter, the Holy Ghost;
And they, commissioned now from heaven,
Received the gift desired most.

To men of different nations there
They spoke in tongues which were
diverse;

By miracle did God prepare
Them now with strangers to converse.

Oh! let this Pentecostal power
To all Thy servants, Lord, be given;
On them Thy blessings ever shower,
And bless and seal them heirs of
heaven.

The wind that blows can never kill
The tree God plants;
It bloweth east, it bloweth west,
The tender leaves have little rest,
But any wind that blows is best.

The tree God plants
Strikes deeper root, grows higher still,
Spreads wider boughs, for God's good-
will
Meets all its wants.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE LOW WATER LEVELS.

BY PROF. A. P. COLEMAN,

Professor of Geology, Toronto University.

SECTION OF THE SCARBORO' HEIGHTS.

It is hard for us to believe that the splendid fresh-water seas, which we call the Great Lakes, can undergo any important change. They seem so secure and rightful a possession, that we look on the lowering of their waters three or four feet beneath the usual level with a certain irritation, as if nature were treating us unfairly in making us adjust our harbours to a new level. The idea never enters our minds that these lakes could be destroyed, or so swollen as to flood every city on their shores; and yet the geologist has proofs that these broad and beautiful sheets of water represent only a fleeting stage in the series of episodes making up the history of this part of America.

Not only has Lake Ontario more than once brimmed over banks a hundred and fifty feet above its present shores, but it has been at least once, and probably twice or thrice, wiped completely out of existence; and all this within quite recent geological times, that is, since the beginning of the Ice Age; and much the same is true of the other lakes of the St. Lawrence system.

The best record of the history of Lake Ontario is to be found in the picturesque cliffs of the Scarborough Heights, and the ravines of the Don and the Humber, bits of attractive natural scenery too little valued by Torontonians, but full

of significance to the student of glacial geology.

The history is not so clearly written that "he who runs may read"; on the contrary, one must examine into the matter with something of the detective's patient skill, following up the clues afforded by a broken shell, a beetle's wing, a bit of rotten wood in a clay bank, a scratched pebble here and a crumpled bed of sand there; until at last the web of circumstantial evidence is complete, and takes shape before our eyes.

It is a fascinating study, but the limits of a magazine article make details unadvisable, so that results must be dealt with rather than methods of research. Most of the information used in this article has been obtained by Dr. G. J. Hinde, formerly a resident of Toronto, and the present writer; but the works of Dr. Spencer, Sir William Dawson and others have also been drawn upon.

The most legible of our documents is to be found at the Scarborough Heights, of which a sketch is given. In our first cut, the dotted boulder which rises from the lake at Victoria Park, reaches a height of nearly a hundred and fifty feet, plunges suddenly down to the lake only to rise again as suddenly, and finally sinks again, to the lake level at Highland Creek; a sort of Cupid's bow nine miles in length. Another dotted

band caps the summit of the heights three hundred feet above the lake.

In nature these dotted bands consist of boulder clay, the carpet of confused clay and stones spread out irregularly over a country conquered by a glacier, a sort of trail of the icy serpent by which the geologist can track the movements of the monster after he has retreated. There are three of these beds of boulder clay to be seen about Toronto, though the lowest is out of reach beneath the lake at Scarboro', and each of them bears convincing evidence of a tremendous act in the drama of the world's life in this region, when a chill ice

ing hosts of plants and animals to occupy their old territories.

Each bed of boulder clay marks an invasion of the ice, while the beds of stratified sand and clay between them prove interglacial periods when the waters of the lake were busy spreading out the materials brought down by swollen streams, entombing here and there bits of wood and bark, or insects or shellfish, to give us an idea of the life of the time.

Lake Ontario, then, has been elbowed out of its bed and destroyed more than once by the invasion of glaciers. After each retreat of the ice there was a stage of high water; the first time the



After Sir William Dawson.

TERRACES AT TADOUSAC.

monster gathered its forces in the fastness of Labrador, snows heaped on snows, till they lay to a depth of ten thousand feet in the north and crept slowly southward and westward, overwhelming the continent, driving all living beings to more genial regions, filling the beds of lakes and rivers, and dragging everywhere the spoils of rock and soil it had gathered in its previous course.

But the scene changes. The warm south wind and the sun at length gain the upper hand and the ice mass melts away faster than it is replenished. It gradually retreats towards its north-eastern home, freeing the earth from an incubus and allowing the advanc-

water rose at least a hundred and forty feet above the present level, for beds of sediment were formed at that height; the second time, two hundred and eighty feet higher than now; and the third time, a hundred and sixty. The last water level left its mark as a well defined beach with sand bars and cliffs, as may be seen along the foot of the Davenport ridge to the north of Toronto, or the grand cliffs near Hamilton. This line of old beaches has been traced by Dr. Spencer from Trenton to Hamilton on the north shore, and on the south as far as Queenston, while Professor Gilbert has followed it along the American shore.

It will be noted that any of the

high-water stages would have flooded Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton, and a dozen other towns and cities on the north and south shores of the lake.

How are we to account for these tremendous changes in the lake level? For the last episode, which Dr. Spencer has named the Iroquois water, three theories have been formed, and probably the two former stages of high water may be accounted for in the same way. According to one theory the earth's crust was heaved up in the neighbourhood of the present Thousand Islands, thus holding back the water and raising its level. A second theory, which is held by Dr. Spencer, supposes that the whole of eastern Canada was sunk beneath its present level to a depth of some four hundred feet, allowing the sea to flow inland so that the site of Montreal was submerged, and the Gulf of St. Lawrence stretched to the foot of what is now "the Mountain," at Hamilton.

A third theory, which is the one most generally held by geologists, and, to my mind, the most probable one, assumes that the retreat of the glaciers of the Ice Age was arrested for a while in the neighbourhood of Kingston, and that a wall of blue ice lay across the foot of the lake, damming its waters until they rose high enough to flow off by a new channel toward the Hudson.

There is one very remarkable circumstance to be mentioned regarding the old Iroquois water. Its beach must have been horizontal when it was made, but Dr. Spencer has shown that it is now tilted out of position. It stands a hundred and fourteen feet above Burlington Bay, a hundred and sixty feet above Toronto Bay, about two hundred feet above the lake at Scarboro' Heights, and over four hundred feet above the

Bay of Quinte at Trenton. How could staid Mother Earth indulge in such a freak as this?

Probably the best explanation is to suppose that the earth's crust rests on a somewhat plastic substratum. Load it down with five thousand feet thickness of ice and it sinks under the burden. Thaw off the ice and it slowly rises again. Since the ice thawed away first from the south-west end, that corner of the raft bobbed up first, while the north-east end was still held down.

Then the Iroquois lake cut its shore line.

When the rest of the ice finally melted, the north-east of Canada rose in its turn, and all the beach lines were tilted out of place. Mr. Warren Upham, who is gifted with imagination, even thinks that this part of the once ice-laden continent popped up too far, and is still oscillating, trying to reach an equilibrium! Dr. Spencer holds, however, that the uplift is not yet ended, and that eastern Ontario is still on the rise.

One curious inference from this "differential uplift," is, that the trough of Lake Ontario was tilted down so far at first as to leave the Hamilton end high and dry. It was only as the Thousand Island end rose towards its present position that the lake backed up, filling the basin in which we now find it.

It should be remembered that all these strange events in the life history of Lake Ontario, and the similar events in the history of the other lakes, took place in times that the geologist looks on as very recent, within the last one or two hundred thousand years, at least; the last episode, that of the Iroquois water, probably within the last seven thousand years, and possibly within half that time.

While it is a comfort to think that these catastrophes of ice and flood took place some time ago, it

is disquieting to reflect that what happened in the past may happen again in the future; and the steady fall of the water in our lakes and the St. Lawrence brings it sharply home to us that changes may take place in our day. When vessels can no longer enter our harbours with full cargoes, the business man begins to think that he may have some interest in changes of water level as well as the geologist. Calculations have been made, showing how many millions of dollars of loss will result from the lowering of the waters a given number of inches, and the prospect

evidence that the St. Lawrence at that point is deepening its channel appreciably. No amount of work done in removing obstructions lower down the river can affect the level of Lake Ontario.

Of course, the diverting of a considerable amount of water by the Chicago drainage canal would have its effect on all the lakes and rivers below. Aside from such artificial causes, there is no reason to suppose that their waters are likely to sink below a certain point fixed by the fluctuations of the rain supply of the region as a whole.

Mr. Stupart, Director of the



THE IROQUOIS WATER.

of a further lowering is decidedly disagreeable.

The business man may be reassured, however. There is no prospect, from the scientific side, of any important change within a geologically short time, a few hundred years, for instance; so that corner lots on good business streets in our cities need not be sold hastily at a sacrifice.

In the papers one sees alarmist statements as to the effect of deepening the channels between the lakes and the sea; but this can have no effect unless the deepening takes place at the immediate outlet of the lake, in the case of Ontario at the Thousand Islands. There is no

Meteorological service of Canada, is of opinion that changes in water levels are directly connected with changes in the annual rainfall, which is not likely to vary beyond certain limits; so that the water may be expected presently to rise again.

Changes in the level of the St. Lawrence, such as have disquieted the merchant princes of Montreal, no doubt have their cause in the varying amount of water discharged from the Great Lakes. When water is low in the reservoir, the current that flows from it must be diminished, just as it must rise again when the reservoir is filled.

Lower down on the St. Law-

rence, where the tide flows, and on the coasts of our Maritime Provinces, there are evidences of changes somewhat like those of the lakes, but probably not always produced by the same causes. Sir William Dawson, and others, have described old beaches with marine shells found five or six hundred feet above sea level on the flanks of the mountain at Montreal, as well as here and there along the shores of the lower St. Lawrence; direct proofs that the land once stood that much lower, but has risen to the present height. On the other hand, the Chignecto ship railway excavations have disclosed peat beds buried in the sand many feet below the present tide level, demonstrating a sinking of the land surface in that region.

To discuss the question of how these changes in the relative posi-

tion of land and sea are related to the variations in level of the Great Lakes during, and after, the Ice Age, would, however, lead us too far.

That another Ice Age may come, blotting out our cities and leaving only traces of our civilization in obscure interglacial beds; and that other changes in water level may flood the lowlands or leave our ports high and dry and far from lake or sea, is not at all impossible; but probably good Mother Nature will give us a few centuries of warning, so that we may arrange our affairs in time. For the present we may expect the law of averages to hold, so that the years of low water in our lakes and rivers will be balanced by years of higher water in the not distant future.

A SONG OF THE SEA.

BY GEO. J. H. NORTHCROFT.

Lying lazily at anchor
On the bosom of the bay,
From the care and fret of city-dwellers free,
We behold the floating marvels
In the mermaid-haunted depths,
In the cool and quiet caverns of the sea.

Gliding gently from our moorings,
Shaking out the shining sails
While we haul on board the anchor merrily
We sail outward to the sunrise
By the favouring breezes borne
O'er the silent sweeping meadows of the sea.

Who can hear unmoved the music,
Who can see unsoothed the calm,
As the wavelets lap the shore with childish
glee,

Wesleyan Mission House,
Abaco, Bahamas.

And the sun uprises slowly
From a mist of pink and pearl
Lying on the swelling surface of the sea.

But the calm is changed to terror
When the wild North-Wester blows
And the sailor in distress is forced to flee
From the fearful howling tempest
Lashing into fury blind
All the darkly-rearing mountains of the sea.

Fed by rains and dews and rivers,
Soothed by summer's golden sun,
Restless, changeful, murmuring home of
mystery,
Only they who love her know her,
They who live upon her breast
Know the sorrows and the splendour of the
sea !

"Be glad ! Make life a jubilate, not
A dirge. In storm, as in the sunshine, sing !
The clouds hide, in their sombre folds, the smile
Of God. Trust, sing and wait ! The mists will turn
To gold ; the angry winds be still, and peace
Brood like a gentle spirit o'er thy life."

—*Mettie Crane Newton, in "Examiner."*

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS.

BY GERTRUDE GREY.



LORD ROBERTS.

Of the many noble British soldiers now engaged in the terrible campaign in South Africa, who in addition to being "soldiers of the Queen," are soldiers of the King of kings, Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, V.C., stands conspicuous as an example of the fact that Christianity makes a man. It used to be the regular idea amongst a large section of the public that for a man, and particularly an Englishman, to be a true follower of Christ was an impossibility unless he resigned his manhood and become more or less an insipid creature fit for no work that required energy and enterprise. Lord Roberts, however, is a remarkable type of that "muscular Christianity" which was for so long lost sight of and forgotten amid controversy on minor ques-

tions of doctrine and practice. His one aim is to live so as to show forth the religion of his Lord and Master in his life, in pursuance of the idea which he holds very firmly that "actions speak louder than words."

But it must not be thought that Lord Roberts is afraid to declare his convictions when occasion requires. He is never backward in declaring his profound belief in the Bible, and there is not a shadow of doubt that the British officers of the present day have a regard and respect for sacred things, even when they do not believe in them, which they certainly would not have had but for the manly faith of "Bobs."

It is a great thing for the cause of Christianity in the army that such men as Havelock and Gordon and Roberts are found from time to time. Their consistent lives, and their indomitable courage and energy when occasion calls, do more to impress "Tommy Atkins" than all the preaching of all the chaplains in the world. Military men almost invariably take their cue from their leaders in all matters, and religion is no exception.

The military career of Lord Roberts is too well known to need any recapitulation here. It is not given to many young officers or men to win the coveted Victoria Cross at the early age of twenty-six. And yet this was the case with Lord Roberts. Once and for all his courage and British pluck were emphasized, and they have never been called in question since. Even when the sad and terrible news reached England that his son had been killed in South Africa, the aged Field-Marshal did not give way to his great grief, but

declared himself ready to go wheresoever his Queen and country might direct, even to the scene of the war which had cost him his heir. Perhaps this was an exhibition of even greater fortitude than any of those score or more of daring exploits which have made his name heroic in the army and out of it. It was at such a time that his Christianity stood Lord Roberts in good stead.

As Commander-in-Chief of the troops in India Lord Roberts held a position in which he could exercise a vast influence, favourably or unfavourably, as regards Gospel and temperance work amongst the men under his control. To his honour be it said, that he not only gave his moral influence to the side of goodness, but was ever foremost in promoting Christian work of all kinds. The army chaplains who served in India during his administration of military matters are unstinted in their praise of him, and stoutly declare that the smoothness with which they were enabled to carry on their difficult work was due almost wholly to the Commander-in-Chief, and the chaplains who thus speak are of no one sect or denomination.

The practical outcome of Lord Roberts' Christianity has been his splendid work for temperance amongst the soldiers. None but those who were in the army at the time have any idea of the fearful havoc which was wrought by the army canteens of the old type. As an officer stated some time back, the men used to "simply drink themselves to death." On gaining a position of command, Lord Roberts at once set himself the task of reforming the canteens and establishing them on a different basis. He heartily and actively supported the Army Temperance Association, and it was due to his efforts that the canteens became

coffee-houses as much as drinking-shops. With this great reform a mighty stride was made in temperance work, and henceforth abstainers became far more common than they had been. The stigma of being a teetotaler was removed when it became evident that "good old Bobs" encouraged temperance.

It was Lord Roberts, too, who really brought about the establishment of reading-rooms and the like in barracks and camps for the private soldiers. The men were no longer thrown back upon the impure books which so often find their way into soldiers' hands.

These various agencies have, Lord Roberts himself stated, "done more than anything else to abolish vice of all kinds in the army, especially in India, where the heat of the climate seems to rouse men's evil passions in many ways." The aged General was the moving spirit in the establishment of the Army Temperance Association in England, and, up to the time of his departure for the Cape, was perhaps the most active chairman that any society formed for Christian and philanthropic work has ever had.

Since his return from India, several other Christian and philanthropic associations have had the benefit of Lord Roberts' support. The influence of his name does much for a society of the kind referred to, but this is not the only way in which he assists the advance of Christian work. Although, as Kipling has put it in his ballad, "He does not advertise," Lord Roberts is known by many to be one of the most consistent of donors, and there is rarely a time when, figuratively speaking, he has not his hand in his pocket for some organization or another. It is known to the writer of the present article that at least a score of such works have been substantially assisted from a pe-

cuniary point of view by the aged Field-Marshal during the past twelve months.

But it is as a Gospel temperance advocate and worker that Lord Roberts is chiefly noted in Christian circles. He has studied the great question of the soldiers' moral welfare from all standpoints, both foreign and British, and he recently expressed himself to the effect that there is nothing of more momentous importance in this matter than surrounding the men with a healthy environment. Hence his strenuous advocacy of reading-rooms and many open-air sports. His lordship followed very closely the handling of the American army during the recent Cuban campaign, especially in so far as moral discipline was maintained.

No other proof is wanted of the truth of his remarks than that which he himself has given to sceptics on more than one occasion, viz., that nearly a third of the men of the British army in India are teetotalers at the present time, whereas in former days before the reform of the canteens, the establishment of reading-rooms, and other healthy institutions, it was the exception to come across a total abstainer, and even when such was discovered, he was usually the butt of all the wags and would-be jokers of the regiment.

Of course, Lord Roberts looks upon the spread of the Gospel amongst the soldiers as the ultimate end of all temperance and moral work in the army. Being a member of the Church of England himself, he naturally attended the "parades" of the National Church when in India on campaign, and churches of the established religion when in town and other places blessed with churches. But his heart is a large one, as all the chaplains declare who have ever come in contact with him. He particularly took a kindly interest in the

short religious meetings held in the evenings, Sunday and weekdays alike, during the Afghan campaign. The meetings were usually held in the open air, although sometimes an empty hospital tent would be requisitioned. The meetings were opened by prayer, a hymn was sung, and then a reading from the Bible would be given, sometimes one man taking a whole chapter, while at other times a verse or two each would be read until all the soldiers present had taken part.

It is interesting to note as an instance of the influence which such a man as Lord Roberts has on the service that there are at the present time nearly twice the number of officers in the British army who conduct evangelistic services and preach to their men, and also to civilians, than there were a quarter of a century ago. But what is still more marked is that no other regiment or branch of the service has produced, or can show at the present time, so many active Christian workers as the Artillery. This is usually attributed in the army to the fact that "Bobs'" influence still works in the branch of the service with which he was connected. Amongst the Artillery recently shut up at Ladysmith, for instance, was a popular officer, Captain Tapp, who, until his departure for the seat of war, was known all over London and the provinces as a conductor of evangelistic services and a preacher of the Gospel. Particularly is he known in the East End of London. This Captain Tapp held services in Ladysmith whenever he could secure leisure from his military duties, and letters brought through the Boer lines by native runners when the place was beleaguered stated that thousands of soldiers attend the meetings, and even Sir George White himself has personally supported Captain Tapp.

If such valuable Christian work can really be traced to Lord Roberts, let us hope that he may long be spared to rule over the destinies of our soldiers, who certainly have a profound confidence in him. Even those rougher characters who are inclined to persecute their comrades who may "turn religious," rarely continue their unwelcome attentions when they have been once reminded that Lord Roberts himself is not ashamed to own himself a Christian and to uphold his Master before his fellow-officers. The Field-Marshal is un-

doubtedly the idol of the soldier, and any reference to his name in the barrack-room is invariably greeted with the exclamation: "Bobs! God bless him!" What the British public think about him was clearly shown on Diamond Jubilee Day, when from hundreds of thousands of voices of people of all classes and conditions went up cheer after cheer for the little soldier sitting so steadily on his favourite white charger which carried him from Kabul to Kandahar.—*Sunday Magazine.*

AN AMERICAN ESTIMATE OF KRUGER.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW,

Author of "White Man's Africa."

"Abe" Lincoln was deemed a very rough man in his day, and the caricatures of him dwelt upon his peculiarities of dress somewhat as those of our day do when depicting the President of the Transvaal; yet, compared with Paul Kruger, President Lincoln was a scholarly man of fashion—a very Lord Chesterfield. An Englishman is hopelessly adrift in attempting to understand the rough Boer. Americans can come nearer, but even those who know the cowboy country have no adequate parallel for a Kruger. If illiteracy could be ascribed to such men as Jefferson, Franklin, Adams, Washington—what words could characterize Kruger, who can scarce write his own name, let alone influence the reading world by his pen.

Kruger is so ignorant himself, and surrounded by Boers so much more ignorant, that he has for several years past placed himself under the legal care of a young and very clever Dutch barrister, whose ambition appears to have been in the direction of separating

the Transvaal from England and creating in South Africa a military power entirely Dutch.

To do this it was necessary to keep alive the suspicion that Queen Victoria lay awake nights scheming for the enslaving of the Transvaal. Dr. Leyds could not find enough educated Boers to conduct the business of the Government, so instead of drawing assistance from the other South African States, he imported clerks directly from Amsterdam, and in many other ways set about eradicating the English language and every trace of connection with the Union Jack.

Old Paul Kruger took kindly to this disastrous policy. His narrow and uneducated mind was more open to the arguments of a Dr. Leyds than to the truth from the lips of a Bryce or a Lecky. His early life had been spent among treacherous natives and other wild beasts, and his habits predisposed him to suspect treachery in every magnanimous move on the part of England. Dread of English domination has been Kruger's bugaboo

for many years, and in this he shows his incapacity to understand the character of the British Constitution as it operates in our time. He sits in Pretoria and talks of his precious liberties, while next door to him is a British colony where the Boers can have more liberty than in the Transvaal.

One may say roughly that the Transvaal has no more liberty than a South American Republic. On the occasion of my visit to the Transvaal, in the year of the Jameson Raid, Boers complained to me that they could not give their children a good education in their own country owing to the efforts to exterminate the English language, and that in order to do so they had to send their children to the Orange Free State, where the Government was more liberal.

Paul Kruger is part and parcel of this system—is the very life of its mediaeval ideals. He is aiming to erect in the midst of the United States of South Africa a government as anomalous in its way as Utah under Brigham Young.

England smiled at this effort, not believing that it would ever amount to anything serious. That was a mistake. It would have proved a still more grievous one had the Boer war broken out at a time when England's hands were engaged in a European war.

Paul Kruger gave me several opportunities of meeting him and getting an idea of his purposes, but before my first audience I had to give assurance that I did not intend to caricature him. Of course I protested that nothing was further from my mind—that I had the greatest interest in learning the truth about him for the truth's sake, and that I had come with a strong bias in his favour; and so I had.

Then I discovered for the first time what was preying on the mind

of the Boer President. A flippant newspaper correspondent had described Oom Paul's waistcoat as ornamented with drippings resulting from careless use of spoon or knife at table, and it seems that this had rankled in his mind and made him vow that he would never again receive the wandering stranger.

I gave my promise then that I would not caricature Oom Paul, and that promise I have kept with difficulty—for how can one describe him without using language suggesting ridicule. He is grotesque in his solemn moments and funereal when most funny. When he rides in state he recalls the advance agent of a circus troop, and when he walks to church he is arrayed like an "end man" at the minstrels.

Kruger is chief of a State where much corruption in high places exists and where his own name even is not always spared.

It has been the curse of that country that the large proportion of outlanders or aliens have been attracted to Johannesburg solely with the object of becoming rich and then taking their money with them out of the country. Kruger sees this side of the foreign immigration, but has not enough knowledge to see also that many who come for the sake of the gold stay permanently for the sake of a wife and children when gold has ceased to be profitable. The history of California and Australia teaches us that a great mining community may in time become a population of farmers. No doubt we shall see some transformation in South Africa as soon as Krugerism shall have given way to a more liberal view of citizenship. The present generation of Boers will, in the Transvaal, give way to one similar to that in the Orange Free State—no less proud of their traditions, but better educated, better able to solve the economic questions which

are wholly beyond the grasp of an illiterate cattle herder. With unity of government will come larger financial powers, and we may safely anticipate a new era for South Africa when instead of spending the national money in extravagant armaments there will be noble sums devoted to the damming of rivers

and thus storing up water against the dry season.

Had a wiser man than Kruger led the Boers in the last ten years he would have discovered in irrigation sources of national wealth richer even than the famous gold mines of the Rand.—The Independent.

FROM THE HILLS OF ALGOMA.

BY MAUDE PETITT.

CHAPTER IV.

"I WILL FORGET."

Tirzah was applying the broom rather vigorously to the kitchen floor one morning, toward the close of the holidays, when she heard a footfall on the old square stone they used as a step. It was Mr. Clifton. A newspaper sticking out of the corner of his pocket, and a smile sticking out of the corner of his eye, told her the truth at once.

"Accept my warmest congratulations, Miss Auldearn. You have taken first-class honours in classics. Beth-aven will be most proud of you."

"First-class honours! Well, now, doesn't that beat all?" exclaimed Granny Hurst, coming up from the cellar with the potatoes for dinner. "Doesn't that just beat everything?" she repeated to herself.

"But, then, she'd ought to know some'at," continued the old lady, as if to excuse her outburst of pride and pleasure. "She's been at the learnin' all her life."

"Still, she has outstripped many who have had far greater advantages. You've every reason to feel proud."

"Proud! humph! Let them feel proud as wants to. It's them as holds their heads too high as stubs their toes off'nest."

Mr. Clifton often found it difficult to suppress his smile at the quaintly-expressed wisdom of his parishioners.

"Margrete told me to tell you she was coming up this afternoon to make a congratulatory call," said he, as he took his leave.

The two girls had seen much of each other during vacation, and their

hearts had grown together again in their former bond of love. Old friendships renewed are passing sweet.

Tirzah was beginning to feel anxious and excited about her future. She had a sensation as of just awakening from sleep—as if life were really beginning for her at last. Her application for a night-school had been rejected. There were so many to choose from, and she was only one in the crowd. But she was not dismayed. She would seek something else. "Where there's a will there's a way," was the watchword of Tirzah Auldearn's life. The conflict might be hard, but she was an Auldearn, the daughter of old Scottish chieftains.

An impulse seized her to walk down to Beth-aven post-office after Margrete had left. Her letters were few and far between, and it was with a feeling of expectancy that she opened an envelope addressed in a strange hand, and bearing a Boston postmark. She held her breath for a moment as she turned to the back page and read the signature, "Your loving uncle, David Auldearn."

One of these mental freaks that come over us at times made her pause for a moment before she read and wonder what might be the contents. The pause gave her a sense of calm and self-control.

Her uncle had met the Rev. Mr. Clifton, who was an old friend of his, during the summer, and the latter had told him of her ability and ambition. He had loved her father, he said, in spite of long years of separation. "Come to us," she read. "You can take a course in Radcliffe. Of course,

Harvard is not open to ladies, except in summer. But, in any case, come; you can arrange for your college course when you get here. We have no daughter, and you will be to us as our own child. My wife is delicate, and it will be pleasant to have a young girl in our home."

The whole letter was in the same kindly tone. Things were not to be as she expected, then. She had thought, by toiling through the long, slow years, to reach the place her father and her father's family had held, but now they had kindly asked her to enter their home. She had expected a hard conflict with want. But now the doors of a Boston mansion were swinging open as if by magic before her. Untrammelled by the toil of earning her bread, she would be doubly able to carry out her ambitions. She did not hesitate a moment about accepting the offer. Wealth, luxury, and refined society had indefinable charms for her. She must go! It never occurred to her that it was costing her independence. Ever since she had left her grandfather's roof to teach, she had, of course, provided for herself, and she had not yet learned that the bread given her by others could taste less sweet. Besides, she took it, in a certain sense, as her right. Her father had had no share in the wealth that should have been his, and her young nature had often been stung by a sense of injustice.

Yet now that the path to success was thrown open, a sigh rose to her lips. She checked it sternly, but she could not check that mute, unutterable sorrow filling her eyes. She paused on the brow of the hill, just at the end of the lane leading home. Her eyes were fixed on what? That white cottage in the midst of its group of trees; the shutters were all thrown back, and the sunshine made its windows gleam like gold in the distance.

Fixed and motionless—scarcely heaving a breath, she gazed upon it, then turned away toward the lake, and there was agony—the deepest agony of a woman's soul—written upon her face. The waters were spread out, a deserted and unbroken calm; one white sail floating on the horizon, a far-off, lonesome thing. She was silent a moment, then a moan escaped her lips, and the hands clasped tightly in her agony, relaxed. It was over—the conflict was ended,

and she walked up the old lane under the summer boughs. She would forget the past—all her sweet dream of love—it was only a dream—a dream.

The agony of decision had taken but a moment. Yet, in that moment, her face had changed; she was no longer a child, but a woman; there was a new charm in her eyes—the charm of sorrow's touch. But it did not seem a living, feeling sorrow. There was a something statue-like, benumbed about her face. It was as though some great grief had moved her soul, but the touch of an ice-cold hand had frozen the depths, while the impress of the sadness still lingered in the eyes of one who could no longer feel. But all traces of her conflict were hidden when she entered the house.

Grandpa Hurst had come in from his garden to rest a little before supper, when Tirzah entered and read her letter to them. The old couple had had too much excitement for one day. They were silent. They could hardly believe it.

"Well, they've done the right thing by her, wife," said Grandpa Hurst, at length.

"Yes, they've done the right thing by her."

The dear old souls were deeply rejoiced over Tirzah's good fortune, but in their heart of hearts there was an unexpressed sadness at the thought of parting—a parting, too, that seemed to move her so far from their simple lives. She had always been their Tirzah, their "little un." Now they suddenly realized what they had seldom kept in mind, that she was Miss Auldearn, her father's daughter, not their child. But Granny Hurst was too unselfish to betray any such feeling now that the long-dreaded event had come, and her darling was to be removed to another sphere. She only gave herself with cheerful activity of mind to talking of Tirzah's wardrobe.

"You must have a lot of new clothes to go there. You can afford it now that you'll not have any board to pay. You must have one o' them fur capes. It's just the thing for you, you're so slim, and there's that old gossamer, it'll never do to take there."

So the old lady continued making a mental inventory of Tirzah's belongings, and Tirzah herself was not sorry for something to occupy her mind. She had an excited feeling as though the day had brought too much.



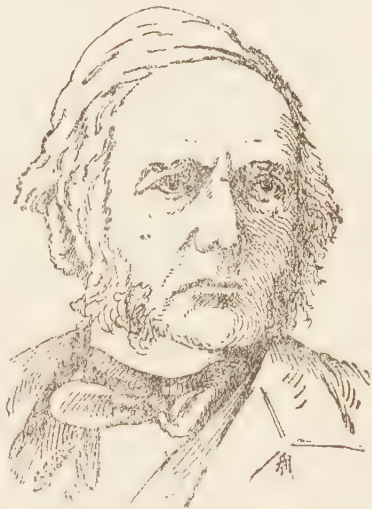
THE GERMAN BUILDING AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

are incapable of comprehending, and which, in their purblindness, they attributed to fear.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

The death of the Duke of Argyll, says the *Outlook*, marks the disappearance of another of the remarkable group of men who have given dignity and interest to English public life during the last half-century. The descendant of a house whose traditions run back into prehistoric times, holding a position of the highest rank in the peerage of Scotland, the Duke of Argyll added to the best associations of a name long held in honour in the North Country. His ancestors were men of distinction and position; before the Wars of the Roses they were prominent at nearly every striking period of Scotch history; more than one of them is invested with the interest of a martyr's fate. But among them all none reveal

greater constancy of purpose, steadfastness of character, or fidelity to convictions than the late Duke. Born in 1823, the eighth duke of his line, while still Marquis of Lorne, at the age of nineteen, he threw himself into the ecclesiastical controversy then going on in Scotland, as an advocate of the freedom of the Presbyterian Church of that country. He became interested in politics at an early period, and soon became prominent in the councils of the Liberal party. As a public speaker he was notable for grasp of his subject, for elevation of style, and for lucidity of statement; but he never secured the highest influence of the great orator, owing to a lack of flexibility; he was an impressive rather than a persuasive speaker. His intense energy of nature found an outlet in many interests. He was a student of science, philosophy, literature, and theology; a controversialist by temper and by practice, he did not hesitate to encounter scientists of the standing of Professor Huxley. He was the author of many books, the best known being "The Reign of Law," which was published in 1866, and which has passed through many editions.



THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

His eldest son is the Marquis of Lorne, who married Princess Louise, the fourth daughter of Queen Victoria. He was the popular Governor-General of Canada some years ago, and now succeeds his father, entering into possession of his large estates, assuming the title of the Duke of Argyll, and taking his place in the House of Lords.

Religious Intelligence.

A CENTURY OF MISSIONS.

BY CHARLOTTE D. WILBUR.

In glad obedience to Thy last command,
Preach we Thy Gospel now in every land;
And laden souls who sought from sin release
Now find in Thee, O Christ, eternal peace!

Lo! from the sunset to the sunrise shore
Millions confess Thee, Lord, whom they adore;
While looking ever toward Thy home above,
They find in Thee, O Christ, eternal love!

Thou, Lord, shalt reign o'er land and over sea;
In Thee are life and light and liberty;
In Thee all nations of the world are blest,
And find in Thee, O Christ, eternal rest!

O Thou blest Sun of Righteousness, arise
Ere the new century dawns upon the skies;
Shine from on high with all Thy power and might;
Shed on the world, O Christ, eternal light!

Jesus, our Saviour and our Morning Star,
Turn we to Thee like exiles from afar,
Longing a blessing after years of strife,
To find, O risen Lord, eternal life!

—*New York Observer.*

THE ECUMENICAL MISSIONARY CONFERENCE.

This notable Conference well rounds the closing year of the nineteenth century, which is conspicuously the century of missions. It was the third of these great gatherings, and was marked by intense religious interest and spiritual power. It has even been described as the most significant assembly in the history of the Christian Church. We think this an exaggerated expression. The great councils of the early centuries, which have shaped the thought of Christendom for all time, can never lose their pre-eminence in this regard. But it was a demonstration of religious unity, of unfaltering faith, of noble ideals and sublime endeavour, which was an object-lesson to the world.

It was very significant to hear from the same platform, on the same night, stirring missionary addresses from the President of the United States, from ex-President Harrison, and from the President that-is-to-be, Theodore Roosevelt. But most significant of all were the soul-stirring addresses from the veterans from the high places of the field, men who had borne the burden and heat of the day,

men full of faith and hope and of the Holy Ghost, rejoicing in victories achieved and rejoicing not less with Christian confidence in the final victories to be won.

We have received complete files of the *New York Times*, containing full reports of this great Conference, but we avail ourselves of the admirable summary prepared by the *New York Independent*, from which we quote as follows:

It is not deliberative so much as it is declarative. It declares the unity of all the Protestant churches of Christendom in the work of converting the world, and the immeasurable importance of that work. It was a real ecumenical conference of Protestant Christianity. Some four hundred societies were invited; and all but one accepted and were present by delegates, or by a message of adherence and good will. All but one, for the Anglican Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, a High Church society, declined, on the ground, we believe, that the sects have no commission from Christ; but the much larger and more active Anglican Church Missionary Society was fully represented. So this was, for Protestant Christianity, of all languages and nations, a really ecumenical meeting.

A DEMONSTRATION OF UNITY.

It was a demonstration to Christians of Christian unity. There was not an unbrotherly or divisive word spoken by sect against sect all through the meetings. The members felt that they had one task and purpose. This expression of unity of purpose will react upon the management of the societies and upon the workers in the field. They will be the more ready to bury all jealousy, and to help each other, and yield to each other for Christ's sake.

It was a demonstration to the world of the unity of the various Churches. In the great things they are one; and more and more every year they feel their unity and recognize the insignificance of the things in which they differ. What are methods of government or orders of the ministry to the conversion of the soul? It is well that the world should see the denominations all gathered in one great meeting, full of enthusiasm for Church and for man, and displaying that unity which exists deep down in the heart, and which rises to sight none too often.

It was a demonstration to the world of the power of the Church. The meetings were enormous, four or five held at once in the biggest halls and churches, and all crowded. The world had to see that the Church amounts to not a little. The yellow journals placarded their wagons with 'All About the Missionary Conference.' Men that are given to gibes have been compelled to see that missions are of great interest to a multitude of people, and that those engaged in them are noble and sensible men. Such a magnificent speech as that of ex-President Harrison will be translated into a multitude of languages, and will be quoted and have its influence as the utterance not of a missionary or a preacher, but of a lawyer, a general, a President of the United States. In such ways as this the faith and the enthusiasm for missions will be greatly increased.

Every phase of mission life, every problem of mission work, stood out with a distinctness that was almost startling. Men spake out of the depths of their experience, not out of the theories of their studies; because they had to speak; because the great interests committed to their hands forced utterance.

One special feature was the large number of missionaries. The plans that had been made contemplated about 300 to 350; over 700 came, and they made themselves manifest in the gatherings re-

presenting the different fields and in the discussions. All the world was there, and a message came from every section; so that the Conference was ecumenical in truth.

There was the enthusiasm of a Christian Endeavour Convention, if somewhat less jubilant and more serious. There were more white hairs, there were deeper lines in the cheeks. Lips were set more firmly, as the result of years of practical life, but when the vision arose of the possible future, the light that gleamed in the eyes was not less intense than in the gatherings of the younger. One could not but feel the deep, strong undercurrent of practical work assuredly to be the outcome of the meetings. There were times, too, when a hush rested on the audience, and men sat silent because God was speaking to the heart.

The New York papers gave full reports each day, presented by men who were most faithful in attendance and considerate in all their relations. The religious press throughout the country was also represented to a greater degree than was anticipated by any one, and the efforts to spread the knowledge of the preparations for the Conference bore fruit in many unexpected ways."

COMITY IN MISSION WORK.

Our own Dr. A. Sutherland presented a summary of exceeding value, from which we quote a few paragraphs:

"It should be understood that the advocates of an enlarged measure of comity in foreign mission work are not aiming at a comprehensive organic union of Protestant churches at home, or even abroad, but only at such mutual adjustment of plans and distribution of territory as will result in efficient work, rapid extension, and economical administration. However much we may seek to minify the differences which separate the great divisions of Protestantism, it still remains true that each division stands forth as the exponent of certain aspects of truth which it regards as fundamental, and it would not be reasonable, nor in accord with Christian charity, to expect men to surrender at a word, even methods which they deem important, much less principles which they hold sacred. It is believed, however, that without the surrender of principle it is quite practicable to substitute co-operation for competition in the foreign field, if not in those undertakings in which concentration tends to efficiency, such as printing and publishing, hospitals, and higher edu-

cation. . . . Although the time may not be opportune to introduce the large and complicated question of the organic union of Protestant Christendom, yet in presence of the colossal problem of world's evangelization there are strong reasons why at least Churches holding the same general system of doctrine and church order should consider whether a closer or even an organic union would not be in the interest of the work of God among the heathen. The comparatively recent union of five Methodist bodies in Canada, and of the Presbyterian Churches in both Canada and Japan, are illustrations of what may be accomplished in this direction, if only there be, first of all, a willing mind."

WOMAN'S WORK.

Woman's Day was one of peculiar interest. Woman's work, however, extended through the week, and there was easily manifest the great power that exists in the women's boards and societies for the great work. No one appeal moved the audience more than that by Mrs. Montgomery, of the Baptist Woman's Missionary Society of Rochester, N.Y., as she set forth her reasons for believing in the outlook for great work for the women's societies:

"There is a work to be done on the foreign field which can be done only for women and by women. The work of evangelization, of organization, of establishing colleges, of building railroads, of founding government, of transcribing languages, of creating industries, can be done largely by men, but there is another work different, without which all these other activities will be thwarted and defeated, that can be done only by women, through women, for the world. Our Lord gave it to us in a picture when He said: 'The kingdom of heaven is like leaven, which a woman took and hid in a measure of meal until the whole was leavened.' The final citadel of heathenism is in the home, and that fortress can be taken by women only. It seems such slow work, this gathering of children into kindergartens, this friendly contact with little groups of mothers, the teaching of needlework, this living one's own home life through long lonely years that seem to count for nothing. It is women's work, my sisters, the patient hiding of the leaven in the lump until the whole is leavened. And there is no one agency which has such power to hasten the triumph of the kingdom of our Lord as this hidden work committed into the hands of women. A

thousand trained nurses to incarnate the tender compassion of Jesus, a thousand women physicians to carry into closed homes the gospel of healing, a thousand kindergarten teachers to gather the children into the arms of the Christ, a thousand zenana visitants to carry fresh life into stagnant hearts, a thousand missionary mothers to set up the white fragrance of their home in the darkness—these are our forces, these the reinforcements that shall take the strongholds of error and darkness. I am not undervaluing the other great evangelizing forces, of which it is not my province to speak. I am only trying to show that among them all there is none greater than this lowly task which none but we can do."

YOUNG MEN AND MISSIONS.

"President Charles Cuthbert Hall, of the Union Theological Seminary, spoke on 'The Young Men of the Future Ministry; How Fire Them with the Missionary Passion and Make Them Leaders of Missionary Churches':

"The problem of the divinity school is this: Not how to train an occasional man for the foreign field, but how to kindle the missionary passion in every man that passes through the school, that he may thereby become an able minister of Christ. For if, as Canon Edmonds said in his address on the translation of the Holy Scriptures, 'the missionary idea is conquering the life of the Churches,' then the missionary idea must conquer the life of every man who proposes to enter the ministry of the Churches, whether abroad or at home. In the last analysis it is a secondary consideration whether any individual student in the divinity school has volunteered for service abroad. The primary and essential thing is that there shall be within the school a sacred altar of missionary passion, whereat the torch of every man shall be kindled and the lip of every man shall be touched with the living coal.

"This conception of the life of the divinity school as a life transfused and saturated with the spirit of missions is founded upon two practical needs. The need of the man who may possibly have the gifts for service abroad; the need of the man who shall enter the pastorate at home. . . .

"As to the man who may possibly have gifts for service abroad, it is his need, it is his right, to have an atmosphere about him that shall promote the deep self-discovery which may lead him

to volunteer, or that shall establish, strengthen and settle the purpose formed in college days to do his life-work upon the foreign field. The divinity school should be hot with the zeal for evangelization—it should be radiant with the appreciation of missionary heroism, it should be alert and eager for contact with the living workers—it should be charged with solemn anxiety for the world's condition, so that no man can live within its walls without facing for himself the vital issue: 'Is it Christ's will for me that I go forth to serve Him in the regions beyond?'

"As for the man who shall enter the pastorate at home: he cannot be an able minister of the Lord Jesus until his torch has been kindled at this altar, his lip touched with this living coal. Deny him this access in the days of his ministerial training, fail to provide him with the world-wide interest, neglect to teach him how to lift up his eyes and look upon the white harvest fields of the world, omit to conquer him with the missionary idea, and he goes forth to his life-work lagging behind the eager spirit of his time, shackled with disadvantage, condemned in an age of catholicity to lead a life of provincialism. . . .

"I see a spirit developing among our young men that portends a vast accession of missionary enthusiasm for the ministry of the future. The Lord Jesus Christ is manifesting Himself in His absolute Godhood, in His availing atonement, in His enlightening Word, to a great company of our most educated and most gifted youths. Personal concentration for personal service is a conception of living that grows more and more attractive to a multitude of our finest minds. And out of this class of minds shall be gathered the ministry of the future. It shall be a ministry devoted to the highest scholarship and the most fearless search for truth, looking upon the culture of the mind as no foe to the spirituality of life."

THE EVANGELIZATION OF THE WORLD IN THE PRESENT GENERATION.

Mr. John R. Mott's setting forth of this purpose in its true significance was most telling, and carried his audience with him very effectively. He closed as follows:

"There are here and there to be found those who speak of the idea of the evangelization of the world in this generation as fantastic and visionary. And yet was it not Gordon Hall and Samuel Newell who, in 1818, issued an

appeal to Christians to evangelize the world within a generation? Did not the missionaries of the Sandwich Islands, in 1836, unite in most impressive appeal to the Church to preach the Gospel to every creature within their generation? Did not the Shanghai Missionary Conference, of 1877, express its desire to have China emancipated from the thralldom of sin in this generation, and its belief that it might be done? . . . It is significant that during this Ecumenical Conference it has not been the young men chiefly, but the veterans of the cross, who have exhorted us to a larger achievement. Was it not Bishop Thoburn who said that if this Conference and those whom it represents would do their duty, within the first decade of the new century ten millions of souls might be gathered into the Church of Christ? Was it not Dr. Ashmore who expressed the belief that before the twentieth century closes Christianity would be the dominant religion among the multitudinous inhabitants of the Chinese Empire? And was it not Dr. Chamberlain, in his burning appeal, that expressed the possibility of bringing India under the sway of Christ within the lifetime of some at least in this assembly? If these great leaders, after forty years' experience or more at the front, in the face of difficulties, are thus sanguine of victory, and sound the battle-cry, should those of us who are at home hesitate or sound the retreat?"

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

This august body, numbering 750 delegates, opened successfully in the great Auditorium, Chicago, on May 2nd, and at once got down to practical work. By action of the Annual Conferences, 150 additional lay delegates had been elected to place the lay representation on an equality with that of the ministers—an equality which has been observed in our own General Conference ever since its organization in 1874. The first action of the General Conference was to accept these elections. The body thus becomes, however, so large as to be almost unwieldy, and it is probable that the delegations will be restricted in future Conferences.

The Episcopal Address, prepared and read by Bishop Andrews, was a remarkably able document. It surveyed the progress of the quadrennium, and, indeed, of the century. The Methodism of the United States has increased since 1800

from 61,000 to nearly 6,000,000. While the population has increased fourteen-fold, Methodism has increased ninety-seven-fold. The Protestant population of the whole country has advanced during the century from one in fourteen to one in five. Missions, Sunday-schools, publishing interests, church extension, have all increased *pari passu*—with equal step. This great result in America, and the still greater result throughout the English-speaking world and many foreign lands, is to be traced under Divine Providence to the consecrated zeal and devotion of the man called of God to be the founder of Methodism throughout the world.

BISHOP HARTZELL AND THE WAR.

Dr. Hartzell, the missionary bishop of Africa, erroneously described in some of the papers as a black bishop, in a lecture before an immense audience in the Auditorium, presented a very strong vindication of Great Britain in the present unhappy South African war. He has traversed the country from end to end, he has studied its problems, he understands its issues. He places the responsibility for the war upon Kruger and his ill-advisers. He declared that history would condemn the war which they thus inaugurated. Every friend of the black man, he said, should pray for the success of the British in South Africa. Britain deserves the good wishes, and as far as possible, the practical sympathy of the United States.

WESLEYAN THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE.

A new milestone has been passed in the history of the Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal. The Rev. Dr. Shaw, under whose administration it has so greatly prospered, is compelled, by failing health, to retire from the arduous duties of office, but, we are glad to know, will continue to render important service on the professorial staff. In his address, Dr. Shaw referred to the growth of the institution since it was founded by the ever-to-be-venerated Rev. Dr. Douglas, in 1873, with six students and very limited resources. To-day it has forty-two students, property valued at \$55,000, and an endowment of \$120,000. A magnificent oil-painting of Principal Shaw was presented to the college as a memorial of this interesting occasion.

The Rev. J. T. L. Maggs, B.A. (London), B.D. (St. Andrew's), has accepted

the invitation to be principal of the college. Mr. Maggs receives the strongest commendation as a scholar and author by distinguished scholars of Great Britain. He has laboured for twenty-two years in some of the principal stations of British Methodism. We give this new reinforcement to Canadian Methodism a hearty welcome.

The Montreal press describes the Rev. Dr. Potts' lecture on "The Pulpit and the Pew" as "a magnificent oration."

We congratulate our friend, Rev. W. R. Young, B.A., of Port Hope, on the well-deserved honorary degree of D.D., conferred by his Alma Mater. The same distinction was granted Rev. W. Flint, editor of the *Methodist Churchman* of Cape Town, South Africa, and the Rev. R. W. Moss, Instructor of Classics at the Didsbury Wesleyan College, Manchester.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.

Toronto has been very greatly favoured by the presence of two distinguished visitors from beyond the sea—the Rev. Dr. Thomas Allen, of Handsworth College, and the Rev. Dr. James Robertson, of Dublin, delegates from the British and Irish Wesleyan Conferences to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. The deeply spiritual sermons of these brethren, the ringing patriotic address of Dr. Allen at the Social Union banquet, and the soul-stirring address of Dr. Robertson at the convocation of Victoria University upon the growth of character, those who heard them will never forget. Victoria College honoured herself by conferring on these distinguished brethren, and upon Professor Paisley, of Mount Allison University, the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

MARVELLOUS SUCCESS.

It is gratifying to note that the Twentieth Century Fund has reached within a small amount of \$800,000—four-fifths of the million asked for. This is a remarkable result since October, when the campaign opened. It brings us within sight of the triumphant completion of this great movement. While our thanksgivings ascend to God for the success of the financial side of this great endeavour, unceasing prayer should be offered for the transcendently important religious revival throughout the length and breadth of the Methodist Church to which we look to crown with the benediction of heaven this thank-offering.

CHARLES BEECHER.

The Rev. Charles Beecher, says the *Outlook*, the last surviving son of Dr. Lyman Beecher, died at Georgetown, Mass., April 21st, in his eighty-fifth year. Like all his brothers, he entered the ministry. He resided some seven years in Florida, and when seventy years of age served the Church in Wysox, Pa. He was the author of five or six books, and the editor of his father's "Autobiography." The "Plymouth Collection of Hymns and Tunes," was indebted to him as musical editor, and several lyrics are from his pen, among them the ringing hymn, "We are on our journey home." His death and the immediately preceding death of his brother Thomas and his sister Mary leave now but one survivor of Dr. Lyman Beecher's family of eleven, Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker,

the author and lecturer, now in her seventy-ninth year.

THE REV. JAMES ANDERSON.

We regret to announce the death of the Rev. James Anderson, a highly venerated superannuated minister of the Methodist Church. For over forty years of faithful service he proved "his apostolic succession by his apostolic success." Three years ago he was compelled by illness to desist from active labour, and has since lived in retirement. He passed away in great peace at his home in Belleville in his sixty-eighth year. Many friends throughout the Province of Ontario will learn with regret of his departure. Brother Anderson was a graduate of Victoria College and filled many important positions in the Church of his choice.

ECHOES FROM THE MISSIONARY CONFERENCE.*

The receipts for Missions during 1898 were \$19,126,120. Of that sum nearly three millions was gathered in the two-cents-a-week contributions of the women. Ruth has not yet forgotten how to glean.

The Conference moved on like the sweep of a mighty river, illustrating "how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." The representatives of almost every division of the mighty army of Protestantism gathered at this Conference sing as their only motto-hymn, "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun doth his successive journeys run," while the greatest halls and churches in the city fail to accommodate the throngs that flock to hear the crowd of witnesses gathered from the ends of the earth to testify to the effect of the "old, old story, of Jesus and His love."

It was Dr. Pierson who cried: "Sound it out and let the whole earth hear: Modern Missions came of a symphony of prayer. Following the lead of the humble Baptists who, in Widow Wallis's parlour at Kittering, made their new covenant of missions, great regiments have formed and taken up the line of march, until the whole Church has joined the missionary army. And that which one hundred years ago was the motto of a despised few has become the rallying cry of the whole Church of God."

Not one note of pessimism has been sounded by this Conference. One in

heart, one in love, one in purpose, all unite in singing, "All hail the power of Jesus' name!" All seem eager to square practice with precept, and expect to bring the world to Christ.

BISHOP THOBURN,

with all the apparent vigour of other days, spoke as follows:

"Never was there such need for missionaries as to-day. There are great masses of densely ignorant people. But many millions of the people of India have tacitly accepted the outline of the Christian religion.

"I pause to say a pressing need for the evangelist is among the baptized Christians. We find there about the same conditions as you have in English and American cities. We need men there to do a work such as was done by Moody among the professing Christians.

"In all matters of religion we, much like the printer, are inclined to follow copy. We pay much respect for precedent, forgetting that precedent was first an innovation. We must, therefore expect to depart from some old methods. If the women of India are to be reached, the work must be done by women. It is the blessed heritage of their sex ever since Mary was chosen to receive and pass on the tidings that Jesus had risen and was alive for evermore.

"The work inaugurated by some few noble women already is going forward.

* Abridged from the *Christian Advocate*.

Mr. Moody's great and good work was new in many features. All this has led to many evangelists following his example, and many have enlarged upon it. These may be well enough, but it is liable to give wrong ideas of the evangelist's work. The getting together of great audiences is not the only thing to do. Christ stopped by the wayside and spoke to one or two. The evangelists must look to this point."

Bishop Thoburn said the successful evangelists of the future will be the men who come from the very people, often, who cannot read and write. Their work is effective even though rude.

"In the great outlying regions beyond the confines of Christendom," he continued, "many thousands may be found who understand the outlines of the Christian religion. Many millions of the people of India have advanced beyond paganism, and more or less tacitly admit the truths of Christianity."

Dr. W. F. Oldham, of Columbus, O., formerly missionary at Singapore, and called a little prematurely by some of the local papers, Bishop of Malaysia, followed Bishop Thoburn. His address, one of the best of the Conference, was enthusiastically received. He spoke of the manner and form of

PRESENTING THE GOSPEL TO NON-CHRISTIAN PEOPLE.

"The presentation," he said, "must be levelled to the understanding of the hearers. 'Faith cometh by hearing.' But the hearing is not merely of sounds falling upon the outer ear, but reaching the inner mind. Here, therefore, is great call for skill and thorough knowledge of the people addressed. Each people has its own mental characteristics. Ideas can only be adequately conveyed by him who has a knowledge of the mental processes that obtain among those with that particular type of mind. The preaching to a primitive South Sea Island congregation must necessarily be very different from that to a philosophical Hindu audience or to keen rationalistic Japanese hearers.

"When the preacher is a foreigner very great delicacy is necessary in avoiding the hurting of the national feeling or race prejudices. The European, particularly, needs to remember the precept 'not to think of himself or his nation and its ways more highly than he ought to think,' and, whatever the facts may seem to warrant, a flaunting of the superiority of one's own people and their ways, as over against the 'effete East,' can never pave

the way for that lending of the heart to the power of the message, which alone is the paramount object sought in all preaching.

"It goes hard with the heavenly message when the earthly messenger appears in any way an alien in thought and in national affinities; and when the smoke from the funnel of a gunboat is constantly on his horizon, and the loss of a province or two is the penalty of any physical violence done to him, the non-Christian hearers cannot be blamed for violently disapproving of any expressed or implied exaltation of foreign lands over their own, nor for doubting the self-sacrificing motives that inspire the preacher.

"When the hearers are ambitious Japanese or contemptuous Chinamen, or fanatical Moslems, or the secretly aspiring men of young India, the need for the greatest delicacy is imperative. There is room for wide divergence of opinion, but I am persuaded that he is the best missionary who, when he reaches the people whom he is to serve, ceases to be an Englishman or an American or a German, and loses all national distinctiveness in one great engulfing desire to serve those who henceforth should be his own, and, as a step in this direction, the custom of such Missions as the China Inland Mission, whose agents assume the native dress and the native method of living, might well be the subject of earnest inquiry in this ecumenical gathering. But whatever the missionary may do about his habits of dress and Western house-keeping, very real to him must become the Pauline creed that in Christ Jesus 'is neither Greek or Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free: but Christ is all.'

"Much, too, will depend upon the presence of a deep, sympathetic love. We win not because we love not. Attempt to disguise it as we may, if there be in us any secret contempt for the people, any lofty feeling of haughty superiority, any idea of comparative worthlessness in the race or poverty of salvable material in the persons addressed, the message is without power, and rarely effects anything."

The old man eloquent, Dr. Ashmore, closed his address upon China in the following glowing sentences:

"A reconstructed China will become a mighty factor in the world's political and industrial future; a regenerated China will become a mighty factor in the world's religious future. With the first we are

not especially concerned at this time. Its issues can be left to the speculation of the economist and the statesman. Concerning the second we have a little somewhat to offer. The conversion of China has been slow, very slow; but the past is no standard for the future. The Chinese think in bulk—it is hard to get them to flake off. The terrible shaking up they had in the Japanese war has had an effect upon them akin to that produced by shooting an oil well.

"So now they are rousing themselves, and many of them are striking their tents for the morning march. Twenty thousand applicants for baptism in one province alone is a sign of the times. Expectations may be optimistic, but the optimistic carries the sanction of the Word of God and has the right of way."

EDUCATIONAL MISSION WORK.

The school-house goes everywhere hand in hand with the church. The Gospel quickens brain, as it does heart. Missionaries made little of higher criticism, but very much of higher education. Methodism holds a place well to the front in this great work. A ripple of discussion that took place in one of the overflow meetings is worthy of note. A paper had been read discouraging the use of missionary funds in the higher education of native girls. Miss Lilavati Singh, from the audience, heard the paper, and, on gaining the floor, in ringing words challenged the writer's position. Miss Singh, a Hindu girl, who had fought her way up through high school and university, claimed the right of native girls to the

best advantages in education. Thursday was

WOMEN'S DAY,

when enthusiasm seemed to reach its flood. On the spacious platform were gathered an army of women from the mission field. Among them were Mrs. William Butler, forty-four years a missionary in India and Mexico. By her side sat Mrs. Yule, a white-haired, self-possessed little woman, who had seen sixty-three years of foreign service. Miss Isabella Thoburn was there, looking the youngest veteran of the company, though she can boast of thirty-five years of service in India. Space will not allow to call the roll of these heroines.

Miss Thoburn's deep, resonant voice could be heard in every part of the great hall. "The power of educated womanhood," she began, "is simply the power of skilled service. We are not in the world to be ministered unto, but to minister. We are not greater than our Lord, whose feet were washed in loving gratitude by women whom He had raised in service, and through this womanhood to the high place it holds in all Christendom, by Himself taking the lowly servant's place and Himself washing the feet of His disciples, self-seeking and doubting though they were.

"Power is not manifested by the quality of the work we undertake, but by our success in the undertaking. The world is full of need, and every opportunity to help is a duty. Preparation for these duties is education, whatever form it may take or whatever service it may result in."

A SONG OF FAITH.

Out from the earthly harbour, how soon will the going be?
Will the sunbeams play on the waters, enjewel the smiling sea
Will the moments be woeful or pleasant, will the voyage be gloomy or gay,
On a course where the ship-prows ever are headed the other way?
Shall we pass by the isles that are fragrant with flowers of a tropical clime—
Our bark with the blue waves moving as sweetly as rhyme with rhyme?

Out from the earthly harbour, what time will the ship set sail?
Will the nights be formed of the shadows from wings of an endless gale?
Shall we crouch in our berths in silence while away on the desolate waste
Lost shallows go floundering helmless in a gloom that shall not be effac'd?
Shall we pass near the mystical starlands where those of the other spheres
May shout in an unknown jargon their queries within our ears?

Out from the earthly harbour, shall we drift in the by-and-bye,
Unnoticed the clinging of loved ones, unheeded the kiss and the sigh?
But the compass of faith will avail us, and the prayers that we have pray'd
Will twinkle as lights in the distance, illuming the heaviest shade;
And instead of the bell-buoys sounding a warning of ambush'd harm—
We will hear "It is I" from the Saviour, as He called once before through the storm!

—Will T. Hale.

Book Notices.

Flame, Electricity, and the Camera. Man's Progress from the First Kindling of Fire to the Wireless Telegraph and the Photography of Colour. By GEORGE ILES. Toronto: The Publishers' Syndicate, Limited. 1900. Pp. xv-398. Price, \$2.00.

The romance of science is far more fascinating than that of the novelist. As Mrs. Browning sings, "God is far the greatest poet, and the real is His song." It is a long journey that mankind has made from the first use of fire, yet within this century, flint and steel were the chief means of ignition. It is fitting that the marvellous progress in science of the century should be summed up in this handsome volume. Mr. Iles records its best achievements, especially in the production and application of electricity and photography.

Many of us use the electric car and telephone or telegraph every day, yet we are as ignorant as Choctaws, or as Oom Paul, about the principle of their operation. We have here recounted in untechnical language the chief advances of science in the century—multiplex and wireless telegraphy, the telephone, stellar photography, the theories of light and heat and electricity, their permutation and persistence, the mysteries of dry plates, the curiosities of the kinoscope and telephoto lens which proved so useful in South Africa, and many other curiosities of science.

We may claim Mr. Iles as a Canadian. He was for many years a resident of Montreal, and much of his scientific work has been done in this country. This well-printed Canadian edition is very handsomely gotten up and beautifully illustrated.

Professor John Fiske, one of the ablest scientific authorities of the United States, writes thus of this admirable book: "I have read the proof-sheets of your book with an intense interest growing into red-hot enthusiasm. It is one of the most fascinating books that I have seen in the last ten years. Your points are so well taken, so happily and so richly illustrated with examples, and their bearing on the main argument is so skilfully kept in view, that the result is to my mind a truly great book, and I venture to predict for it a great future."

The General Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church from 1792 to 1896. Prepared by a literary staff under the supervision of REV. LEWIS CURTS, D.D., Publishing Agent of the Western Methodist Book Concern. Cincinnati: Curts & Jennings. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. vii-427. Price, \$2.50.

This well-printed octavo is a record and monument of the marvellous growth of Methodism in the United States in a hundred years. It is divided into two sections—one chronological, the other topical—which makes it invaluable for ready reference. While most of the Conference journals have been greatly abridged, those of the earlier Conferences were so very meagre that more information will be found in this book than in the original publications. In fact, the journal for 1792 has never been found, and, under the direction of the last General Conference, the Publishing Agents secured Rev. Dr. T. B. Neely to reproduce it from such sources of information as he might find obtainable, and he has accomplished the difficult task with the precision that marks all his efforts.

The Lord's Arrows. By LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D., author of "Christ and His Friends," "The Heavenly Trade-Winds," "Anecdotes and Morals," etc. Cincinnati: Curts & Jennings. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Pp. 309. Price, \$1.20.

There are thousands of ministers who preach excellent sermons, sermons that are highly effective as heard; but there are comparatively few that can preach sermons that are so effective as read. Guthrie, Spurgeon, and Dr. Parker, all had this rare gift; so, also, in a very conspicuous manner, has Dr. Banks. These discourses are forceful presentations of divine truth; they possess also literary grace and a human interest which reminds us strongly of Guthrie's great masterpieces. Several things contribute to this result. For one, they are brief, the wordsmith strikes while the iron's hot, and doesn't hammer away after it has cooled. The sermons abound in incident and illustration, especially from the Scriptures and religious

are. The series is then directed to strongly opposite extremes, especially in the last volume. The subjects, which are intended to be of an edifying character, are "The Kingdom of Love," "The Kingdom of Youth," "Imagery from Genesis," "The Kingdom of the Dead," and "The Kingdom of the Living." The titles of the volumes are also very suggestive, as "The Heavenly Trade," "The Lord's Arrows,"

The Americans. By Bruce Vanover.
New York: Putnam, 1970. Pp. 286.
Index. \$1.95. ISBN 0-399-13000-1.

Mr. F. J. A. is a man of great intelligence and a strong religious faith. His work in the church is a constant reminder of his faith in the power of the Holy Spirit. His work in the church is a constant reminder of his faith in the power of the Holy Spirit. His work in the church is a constant reminder of his faith in the power of the Holy Spirit.

The Andros-Brooks Complex: Its History and
Geology. By L. A. Brooks and J. A. Brooks.
 U. S. Tropical Oceanographic Survey, Re-
 search Series, Miscellaneous Publication No.
 10. U. S. Government Printing Office, Wash-
 ington, D. C., 1954. Pp. 120. Price \$1.50.

[illegible]

war is, in a word, "the famous attempt of one man to govern a republic at the end of the nineteenth century by the methods of the seventeenth."

A Mental Index of the Bible and a Correct Use of Abbreviations. By Rev. H. C. THOMPSON. 12mo. cloth. 366 pages. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, \$1.50.

For those who have not a lifelong familiarity with the Bible contents, and wish to escape some of the distractions caused by handling a cumbersome concordance, it is a great advantage to have a portable Bible dictionary. It is not only convenient, but it is a help in the study of the Bible. The Bible dictionary is a book which contains the names of the people, places, and things mentioned in the Bible, and gives a brief description of each. It is a very useful book, and one which every Bible student should have.

Webster's Collegiate Dictionary. Over 1,100 Illustrations. 8vo. Pp. 1,116. Price, with complete reference index: (Cloth, \$3.00; paper, \$4.00; half morocco, \$5.00). G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

While the "Collegiate Dictionary" is a new work throughout, and has been several years in preparation, it is in the main abridged from Webster's International Dictionary, and retains the same

In my country the transport is not sufficiently complete. There are few good roads for transporting various materials, some forests and very little water.

The *Journalists and Publishers* have been sent copies and are arranged to be furnished before the end of the year to the various libraries in country. Meanwhile, a printed list of the names and addresses of those with whom they are to be sent, has been sent to the right of copies of these notes.

tions. The scholarship of the "Collegiate Dictionary" is also shown in the completeness of its etymologies. To the student and the careful user of words these etymologies cannot fail to be of great value.

Pronunciation is indicated by the simple and effective method of respelling with the diacritically marked letters familiar in the school-books of the country.

Other important and instructive features of this appendix are a pronouncing vocabulary of Scripture, Greek and Latin proper names, with modern geographical and biographical names.

As its name indicates, it is especially adapted to the use of college and university students, and is very highly commended by educators of the highest rank.

The Domestic Blunders of Women. By a MERE MAN. 12mo, cloth, 206 pages. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.00.

This clever and humorous book, with its amusing pictures, will not win the suffrages of all its readers. In its pages "A Mere Man" sets forth, among other "blunders of women," "Women's Ignorance of the Value of Money," "The Management of Servants," "The Mistakes of 'the Missus,'" "The Management of Children," "Misuse of Kitchen Utensils," "The Love of Dirt," "The Waste of Food," "Feeding of Children," "The Folly of Flowers and Bric-a-Brac," and last, but not least, "Things in General." The men and women who are anxious for an ideal home life, with peace, quietness, and mutual esteem, will find abundant material for consideration in this lively book. It is easy enough to poke fun at the mistakes of Mrs. Newlywed, who complains that her sponge cake was a failure because the chemist must

have sent the wrong kind of sponges, but the ladies can retort after the manner of John Crumlie's wife in the Scottish song.

New Sacred Anthems for the Choir. By CHARLES H. GABRIEL. Cincinnati: Curts & Jennings. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, per copy, 75c., postpaid; per dozen, \$6.50, not prepaid.

A most excellent collection of anthems for church choirs. Forty-five in all, including solo, duet, quartette, and full chorus part of a popular grade of difficulty, full of melody and rhythm. A high spiritual tone pervades the entire collection, calculated to awaken deep religious feeling. Many of the songs and choruses are worthy to rank with the sacred oratorios. A number of the selections are given for offertory use.

Retribution and Other Addresses. By SAMUEL G. SMITH, D.D., LL.D. Cincinnati: Curts & Jennings. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.00.

Dr. Smith is a man of distinguished reputation. Most of these addresses were delivered before philanthropic or learned societies, one of them at the Pan-American Congress of Religion and Education held in Toronto. That new social force in character building, the University Settlement, is strongly endorsed in an address given before the Northwestern University.

The Bramble King, and Other Old Testament Parables. By MARK GUY PEARSE. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

In this dainty booklet are collected a number of Mark Guy Pearse's beautiful studies of striking parables of the Old Testament. They have all the charm of his poetic style and keen scriptural insight.

THE ONWARD WAY.

Our life is one long journey, and the road
Is sometimes rough and rugged; but our God
Who loveth us, His children, knows the way
And He will gently lead us, day by day.
We meet with certain milestones on our way,
That help to cheer us onward, for they say,
"Our God hath kept you so far, year by year,
Then will you dread the future? Will ye fear?"
How can we, when He holds us by the hand
And promises to lead us to His land?
Then let us simply trust Him, nor allow
One single shade of doubt to vex us now.

—Charlotte Murray.

A longing to be alone crept over her, and, supper ended, she sauntered out through the fields. Almost without intention she made her way to that little cluster of fir-trees on Parson's Lea.

It was so cool and pleasant there; the August sun had set, but the sky was still furrowed with lines of gold; a whip-poor-will was calling from beyond the hills; the evening primroses opened their yellow petals, and the night-moths flitted past; the village lay in its little basin below, and beyond, a few, tiny, white sails floated idly on the lake; some birds were chirping in the wood near by. It was just nesting-time. Nature was bending in holy quiet to hear the evening prayers of her young.

Tirzah thought of that other night, when she played the guitar there beside the firs. She had no guitar to-night. No music fell from her fingertips, no song from her lips. She sat, one hand resting on the parched grass of the hills, her face uplifted to the evening sky. A step drew near. She did not turn her head. She knew that footfall, by a sort of instinct. Nearer and nearer he came—he was at her side.

"Good evening, Miss Auldearn." His voice had an even gentler tone than usual to-night. A faint blush tinged her cheek, and just for a moment that benumbed pathos had vanished from her eyes.

"I suppose you are awaiting congratulations?" said he.

"Why, what for? What bad things have I been doing?"

"Oh, no worse than one might expect of you, taking first-class honours and such brilliant feats."

"Who told you?"

"A fellow doesn't have to be told what he can read with his eyes. You see, when you get to be such a notorious character, we'll only have to take the daily paper to read all your doings. Drat that mosquito! I slapped right beside him a second ago, and he turned right around and stung again."

"He took the slap for an 'encore.'"

"Is that original?" he asked, laughing.

"No, I got it out of last year's almanac."

"My, isn't it insufferably hot this last few days?" she continued.

"Yes, I was almost sorry school reopened on Monday, for the children's sake. You are fortunate to have

holidays this month. It has been almost too hot for any kind of work."

"Then, may I ask, pray, what mysterious toil keeps your lamp burning so late?" asked she.

"Who said it burned late?" A smile was playing under his moustache.

"I saw it myself."

"You're like the boy in school who saw the other boy looking off his book. It sounds serious to hear a girl talking of being awake at such hours."

"I almost suspect you, Mr. Gray, of writing some ponderous volume on child psychology, based on practical experience, something that will completely revolutionize our educational system, or else, perhaps, a treatise on some poor, hitherto undiscovered planet, that you've chased down into a corner."

"I am surprised that you suspect me of undertaking such ambitious things," said he. "Didn't you once insinuate that I was not very ambitious?"

"Did I? I don't remember. Oh, well," she continued, with a sigh, "I suppose it wouldn't do for every one to be ambitious."

"You don't seem to think it possible, then, that you may be misjudging me?"

But that statue-like look had settled on her features again, and she made no answer. He, too, was silent for a while.

"What a wonderfully clever head you must have!" he said, at last. "You were plucky, to say the least of it, to study alone as you have done."

She appreciated his praise, though she took it lightly, and he became silent again, almost sad.

"I suppose you will be leaving us soon?" he said, after a pause.

"Yes, in a few weeks."

He talked to her of her plans for the winter, and she told him of her relative's kind offer. He was glad for her sake, and then, when she tried to get him to talk of other subjects, she found he had suddenly grown hard to interest.

"Tirzah," he said, at last. No one had ever spoken her name so softly before.

"I want to tell you something before we part. It is hardly a year since I saw you first, but I love you, Tirzah. From the first moment I looked upon your face, I felt you were something to me no woman had ever

been before. I love you—I believe you are the woman God meant for my wife."

His words were low but earnest.

"You may not—I do not believe you do feel willing to marry yet, and as for me, the day has not yet come, but—when it does come, may I call you my own—my wife?"

She was silent, her face turned away. She stood slightly above him on the steep, rising hill. Then, in a moment, she raised her head with a proud movement. Her face was cold and colourless.

"No, I can never be your wife. I have another future before me. I aim at other things. I could not bear such a narrow sphere. Besides, you are not ambitious enough to be my ideal. The man I marry must climb."

Ah, how could she so misunderstand the man at her side?

"I could never, never, never tie myself down to the life that will be yours."

Could this be the gentle Tirzah Auldearn? or was she playing a part? She had spoken vehemently, but no tinge of colour came to her statue-like face. It was cold and passionless as marble.

"But, Tirzah, I thought you were beginning to love me," he said, gently.

"I used to think so myself, but it was only a girlish fancy, I suppose. I wanted the experience, and so I indulged the dream for a while. But did you really think I could be content to bury my life like that. No! I have a brighter future. I was destined for other things."

"You did not love me, then? You were only playing with my feelings?"

"Yes, why not? It was interesting." And she laughed a strange, unnatural laugh—a laugh so cold and hollow, it seemed almost a despairing cry.

Every trace of the light, youthful smile he usually wore was gone. Stern, strong manhood looked from his eyes.

"Good evening, Miss Auldearn," he said, coldly.

"Good-bye—Mr. Gray." Her voice had grown suddenly tender at the last.

He turned, paused a moment, then touched her hand lightly in farewell. She almost hoped for the instant he would touch her lips, too, but he did not.

"Good-bye. God bless you," he

said, faintly, and they parted, and went their way.

Her heart had such a strange, cold feeling, as she walked back over the hill; she almost fancied it had ceased to beat. She paused but one instant by the fir-tree nook, where she had been so near him in that hour of prayer. Would she ever be so near again? Ah, she had misjudged him. She knew it well. His ambitions soared infinitely higher than hers; hers were earthly and of the earth; his were Christ-like, and reaching unto the heavens. She had been cruel—worse still, she had deceived him. Her whole manner had encouraged his love, and now, at the last, she cast it heartlessly away. But she felt no pang of remorse; her heart was too dead for that now. Only once she turned to look backward. He was walking down the road alone in the moonlight.

"Walter—Walter!" escaped her white lips.

But he was beyond the reach of her half-whispered, half-moaned cry. Only stillness—mocking stillness for reply. And out of the silent fir-tree nook a bent figure came forth. An aged figure with a kerchief over her head. It was the old dame from Witch Hill.

Tirzah turned hastily toward home, but the uncanny figure gained upon her with ghostly swiftness, muttering as she came:

"Young lovers that woo on Parson's Lea
Must needs forever parted be."

The girl turned, flushed with indignation.

But Witch Barnum muttered on, without even looking up from the ground as she passed:

"Young lovers that woo on Parson's Lea
Must needs forever parted be."

Almost without sound of footfall she passed, and the hoarse voice still kept on croaking in the distance:

"Young lovers that woo on Parson's Lea
Must needs forever parted be."

A chilly wind awakened suddenly as if touched by an unseen hand. She shivered violently. Why could not the old hag keep her mutterings to herself? Oh, it was all a wretched ghost-play. She never meant it. She was only playing the part she had schooled herself to play. She longed to run back in the darkness

and tell him—tell him she loved him. But she only turned toward the house and sought her own little garret. She took the crimson carnations from her belt, to lay them tenderly away. In days to come she would shed bitter tears over those same withered flowers.

It was early when she went to bed, but no sleep came to those eyes. She did not toss or moan, or even weep—calm, passionless and cold. The hours passed, the old clock struck in the kitchen below; the midnight train came rushing through the cut in the hills, its red light flashing on her garret walls. Then the moon grew paler, the barnyard fowls sounded their morning call; the birds sang, the rooks cawed, and the gray light of day crept in. A little later she heard Grandpa Hurst lighting the kitchen fire.

And what of Walter Gray? What had that night meant to him? Down in the quiet cottage, the brow of a noble man was bowed in prayer.

"O God, forgive me—forgive me," he cried. "I have deserved this pain. Forgive, that I sought one whose heart was not wholly given to Thee to share my life. But, Father, I felt as if Thou didst mean us to be something to each other. O Father, Thou canst change her heart. Oh, touch her with Thine own hand, and bring her into Thy fold. If we never meet again, draw her close to Thee."

Long he knelt there, praying for her, and if the sting had gone deep it did not embitter his life. He only grew still more tender, if that were possible, to his mother and poor Nellie.

As for Tirzah a feverish activity possessed her the next day, and all the days that followed. The village dressmaker was constantly interviewed, the queer collection of stuff known as the millinery apartment was inspected, and fashion-sheets turned from cover to cover.

The news of her uncle's offer had got noised about Beth-aven, as such things will when a confidential old soul like Granny Hurst is in the secret, so Miss Tirzah became quite a centre of interest. There were several shopping expeditions to Sudbury, where she was shown everything—"real swell little jackets," the most "stylish effects" in dress goods, ties that were "quite fetching," the "latest thing" in gloves, everything, in short, necessary for a fashionable

"get up." Her refined taste, in matters of dress, had full play, perhaps for the first time.

She used to meet Walter Gray sometimes. He would exchange a few remarks in a distantly respectful, though not unkind, way. There was a patient look on his face that wounded her more than a sad one could have done.

Everything was ready for her departure, and the day had really come. A leaden sky and drizzling rain gave her very susceptible nature a "blue" feeling. It was only the middle of September, but the cold wind and rain had brought with it the first chill breath of autumn, and Tirzah found the old kitchen fire unusually pleasant on this, her last morning at home. Granny Hurst was preparing her breakfast with all the loving attention that is given the last meal.

It must have been dull for the old couple sitting there, after she was gone, with the rain beating on the pane. Grandpa Hurst took down the big Bible from its shelf, and began reading aloud one of the Psalms. He stopped at that verse, "Some trust in chariots and some in horses; but, we will remember the Lord our God."

"Wife, if our little un—"

He often called Tirzah the "little un," forgetful that she had grown to womanhood now.

"If our little un had been more like that, I'd feel safer about lettin' her go. I do fear, wife, she trusts too much in the things of this world."

But Tirzah knew nothing of their thoughts. The clouds parted as she journeyed on, and the sun gilded the scenes flitting past the car windows. The smile came back to her face. She had forgotten the past. The old home, the old haunts, the old loves were vanished, even as the mists she had left behind that morning. The years that were fled were to her as if they had not been, and the young lady, sitting by the car window, with her dark, interesting face, and genteel travelling costume, betrayed no sign of the poverty and struggles of that mountain cabin.

CHAPTER V.

GLENDONAN.

Indeed, there was little time for thought of the past amid all this whirl and change. The rock of her berth

in the sleeper, the rush through the lights of strange cities at night, over bridges, through tunnels, along lake and river and wood, all came to her with an exhilarating sense of newness. And yet it could scarcely be called exhilarating. That benumbed feeling was still there. She gazed up at the heights of the Hoosacs as they passed, merely as a matter of course. It seemed perfectly natural that she should be there. The noon sunshine, pouring down through the car window as they neared Boston, compelled our young traveller to pull down the shutters, and her attention was then directed to her fellow-passengers just in time to notice a pair of large, coal-black eyes studying her attentively. They were those of a gentleman in the next seat in front, across the aisle. He turned his head as he met her glance, not with the quick, nervous air of a youth, but with an air of easy carelessness.

There was something about this stranger that attracted and held her attention as he crouched back in the corner of the seat in a careless but not ungraceful attitude, one arm stretched out on the seat-back, a large emerald on his white hand. He wore what looked to Tirzah an expensive black suit. In fact, every detail of his dress looked elegant and costly. Yet there was nothing "dudish" about him, nothing of that dandy air that betrays a ten-cent man in a hundred-dollar suit.

His features, and particularly his forehead, were of a dignified and impressive cast, suggestive of a thoughtful and cultured mind. He was, perhaps, about thirty, but there were already threads of silver in his raven-black hair. He looked like a man of the world, and a man who has drank of the world's dissipations until he is weary of them. Perhaps the most striking thing about him was that same weariness of life, that romantic melancholy on his face.

"Transcript! Traveller! Herald! Blade!"

The stranger leaned forward for a newspaper, in which he was soon absorbed, but Tirzah could not quite shake off the impression those dark, gloomy eyes had left upon her. She had an uneasy sensation, as if they had a sort of command over her. However, thought of her new home and new relatives began to occupy her mind. She wondered what her aunt would be like, and if she would

find her uncle David much changed. One look satisfied her when he met her at the depot. It was the same kindly face she held in memory, one of the most good-natured she had ever seen.

"You are highly welcome, my child. We shall be glad to have you with us."

The hearty grip of this hand assured her of this.

"Oh, why, halloo, my wandering spirit! Here is Augustine, my son."

And the dark-eyed stranger, who had interested her in the railway carriage was introduced to her as her new cousin. He greeted both his father and her in a dignified though somewhat cold manner.

"I'm going to take a cab up to Barnard Block, father. I want to see Kerney. I'll be back in time for dinner."

It was almost like a dream of fairyland to Tirzah, when her uncle led her out to the fine carriage awaiting them, the sleek, prancing span of blacks, and the coachman looking like an ebony statue in his white collar. She settled back in the plush-cushioned seat with a smile. She was so fond of luxury, this child from the hills of Algoma. Mr. Auldearn talked to her as they rode through the crowded streets of Boston to Back-Bay Avenue.

"You will find it very quiet, perhaps a little dull, with us," he said. "Mrs. Auldearn has poor health, you know, and so we live a very secluded life. Her nerves are weak, and life in society is too much for her. I suppose, though, since you are one of these ambitious girls, and aim at professorships and such high things, you will have all the better chance for study. Well, girls were not so ambitious in my young days, but let them have their way. It's the only thing you can do with women," with a good-humoured smile.

Mr. Auldearn was of the well-known law firm of Auldearn & Bartrell. He had taken his only son, Augustine, into partnership with him, he said.

"My son has been up the Muskoka lakes for a few weeks. He's a restless fellow. I had hoped when he got through sowing his wild oats he would stay at home more contentedly. You will like Augustine. He will be an interesting companion for you."

Tirzah was hardly sure whether she would like her cousin or not.

She was not fond of the young man who sows wild oats first. Nobody is. Yet there was something about him that fascinated her interest.

She had only time for a passing glance at the rows of beautiful homes on either side as they drove up Back-Bay Avenue. Her uncle pointed out one occasionally, as the brown-stone front, the residence of his partner, Mr. Bartrell; the white brick, with the spruces in front, the residence of Professor A—; a little farther the Marston mansion. Then the carriage turned into a gravelled drive, circling in front of a dignified, greystone residence, with ivy clinging about its windows. "Glendonan" was engraven on the gate-post, and Tirzah took in a confused impression of a large lawn, with spruce and birch and drooping willows, cannas and dahlias, cactus and palm, and the fountain in the midst, where an angel dropped silvery streams from her finger-tips.

"Is your mistress up, Mary?" asked Mr. Auldearn, of the white-capped maid who answered their ring.

"Yes, sir, she feels much better."

"Will you go up and see your aunt now, Tirzah, or would you rather go to your room first. I suppose you're tired?"

"No, I'm not at all tired, thank you, uncle. I should like to see her."

So Tirzah was conducted up the stairway, with its soft, rich carpets, into a room, where the heavy chenille curtains shut out the sunshine; there, in a chair of purple plush, sat the mistress of the mansion, a thin, sallow woman, with sharp but rather pleasant hazel eyes and fluffy, brown hair. She eyed our young stranger with one sharp, critical glance of examination, then, as if satisfied with the result, held out her hand with a kiss that was at least kind, if not motherly.

"How much she looks like that picture of your mother, David."

"Yes, I thought of mother as soon as I saw her."

Mrs. Auldearn did not detain her long.

"Your room is ready, and I'll have a lunch sent into the dining-room for you as soon as you get your things off, and are rested. Mary, show Miss Auldearn to her room."

Tirzah rearranged her hair, put on one of her pretty new dresses, and, having finished her lunch, sat with

Mrs. Auldearn until dinner. She concluded, after a chat of an hour or two, that she would like Aunt Mildred. It did not, however, take Tirzah long to see that she was a woman who loved to rule the whole household, and who, in all probability, would rule her. But she did not like her any the less for that. There was something romantic, in her eyes, about her present life, and a stern aunt in authority over her added to the romance. She was determined to play the role of a gracefully submissive young lady, not because she was timid, but because she had a taste for the theatrical in life, and it pleased her to play that role just now.

"My son came in on the same train with you this afternoon, did he not?" remarked Mrs. Auldearn, as they awaited the summons to dinner.

"Yes, I was quite surprised to find it was he who sat just across the aisle."

"I wonder why he's not home yet. I am longing to see him."

Once Tirzah had known a son who idolized his mother. She was now to know a mother who idolized her son.

A heavy step was heard approaching in the hall, just then.

"Is that you, Augustine, my love? Come in and see me," called Mrs. Auldearn.

He responded somewhat coldly, though very respectfully.

"I hope you are quite comfortable in your new quarters," said he, turning to Tirzah.

The dinner-gong interrupted her reply, and they proceeded to the dining-room. Dinner at Glendonan! What a change it was for Tirzah. There were no words of thanksgiving, and though she was not a Christ-loving girl, yet she missed the trustful words she had been wont to hear from her childhood.

She was not slow to see the relative positions of the member of Glendonan household. Mr. Auldearn ruled the servants, Mrs. Auldearn ruled Mr. Auldearn, and Augustine ruled everybody. She could not help noticing what a stern set there was about the lips, half-concealed by his moustache. Yet she was attracted in spite of herself. He was cultured and clever. He had travelled far, and mingled much with men, and he could not fail to interest this young dreamer from the hills.

Dinner over, Tirzah had her first

introduction to Glendonan drawing-room, a room like many others of its class, an artistic (alas! they are often inartistic) confusion of statues, vases, pictures, chairs of all kinds, easy and not easy, curtains, rugs, and a general mix-up of everything pretty, rich or odd. There was a picture over the mantelpiece that attracted her attention at once, an old castle, its tower rising grim and tall under the leaden clouds of a Scottish sky, the hills and braes stretching all around, and on the horizon a glimpse of the heaving sea. Augustine came and stood by her side as she looked at it.

"That is Glendonan Castle," he said. "Who knows; you may see it yourself some day? I spent last year there. I was there when grandfather died."

"Oh, is he dead? Father's father?"

"Yes, didn't you know? Look, here is his wife, Lady Auldearn. This is the picture you resemble so strongly."

The likeness was certainly unmis-takable.

"I don't suppose you know her life-story. She was a French girl, of aristocratic family, but her people had come to the brink of ruin financially. She loved a young artist, but they compelled her to marry Sir Douglas, for the Auldearns are wealthy, you know."

Yes, they were wealthy, but this was the first time Tirzah had tasted their riches.

"A few years after, when your father was only a little fellow, her old lover went to Scotland, and though she was as true a wife as ever man had, yet Sir Douglas, when he learned that his rival was in the country, grew jealous, and for months he kept her shut up in that suite of rooms in the west wing. See this row of windows? There is a hall right here where she used to walk up and down, watching the sunset and the sea. Right there, by that third window of the tower was her room. She used to sketch in the daytime, and at night the servants heard her playing little sad airs on her harp; but her wifely heart broke under the humiliation, and one morning, when the servant entered her room—she was dead."

He said the last in a low, gentle tone, that surprised Tirzah. He could feel then. He was capable of fine emotion, this man with the

sternly-set mouth, and almost over-bearing manner.

He sat down at the piano later in the evening, and the music, if not faultless, was, at least, expressive of himself—a dash of fierceness, and a chord of careless melancholy.

"Did I not see a guitar-case in the seat with you, this morning?" asked he, and he pleaded so hard that she went up-stairs and brought down her guitar.

She had never played more sweetly than she did that night. All the feeling she had crushed back in her benumbed soul seemed to live and throb there in her finger-tips. No one would have dreamed of a heart so numb and cold; it had no part in the feelings to which her touch gave utterance. Her small audience was charmed, particularly Uncle David.

Then Augustine took her into what he called his "Hermit's Cell," opening off the library. Tirzah had never before had such a feast as that room afforded. Shells, stones, snake-skins, maps, stuffed birds, furs, guide-books, tusks, teeth, collections of ore, corals, gems, woods, bark—everything, in short, that the seas and lands of the tropics could afford, was represented there. He had travelled much, not only in America and Europe, to which most travellers confine themselves, but in the dark recesses of heathendom as well.

He talked with a graceful carelessness of his travels, not by way of boasting, but simply because he saw she was interested. He was a silent man by nature, but Tirzah had the secret of drawing him out. And he? What did he think of Tirzah? This man of the world, what thought he of the young girl from the hills of Algoma? He had seen women of all classes, from the jewelled and titled in the ball-rooms of Edinburgh and London, to the dark-eyed women of the East, the weary burden-bearers, with their water-pitchers on their heads. Yet the slender girl at his side had a fresh interest for him. Her small, olive face mystified and pleased him. Yes, he liked his newly-found cousin.

The evening passed pleasantly to Tirzah. Nevertheless, she was glad when she closed her door behind her to be alone again in her luxuriously furnished room. It was just the kind of room she had often dreamed of having—a little nest of elegance. She wished Margrete Clifton could see her

for a moment, leaning back in the blue plush rocker.

A picture hanging before her bed suddenly attracted her attention. It was a mob, howling in a city street before the window of a mansion; the night was gathering darkly, and their wan, despairing faces suggested famine. By the window above a beautiful woman sat, looking down, too far up for them to see the look of pity in her eyes. There seemed to be luxury all around her, but her beautiful hands were chained to the sill, held fast by the fetters of gold; but the crowd could not see them. In the background was the shadowy form of an angel weeping. "Look at her!" she could imagine those haggard faces saying. "Look at her, in her riches, and she will not give us bread! Bread! Bread! Dear lady, give us bread!" The picture puzzled but did not please her.

But it was quite time for sleep, and she knelt beside her bed as she had been taught to do in childhood; the same moon and stars, looking down through the window upon her, that had looked into the old garret at home. Then the thought almost startled her, the same God was looking down upon her, too. She was not a religious girl, but she had religious moments, and this was one of her religious moments.

The remaining weeks before Radcliffe opened were pleasant and interesting. When Mrs. Auldearn was well enough, they went out in the carriage. Augustine told her she might amuse herself in his cell when she pleased, and as her aunt was sleeping one afternoon, she availed herself of the privilege. There was a huge basket of kodak pictures he had taken on his travels, which held her interest for some time; then she began examining a row of infidel books he kept on his shelves. Augustine was a skeptic, she had concluded. She had never known one before, and the word had a charm for her, the kind of charm, perhaps, that the serpent's eye has for the bird. She had only read of them in novels, where they were always unselfish, refined people, charming by their gentle lives, but lacking only that one quality called faith. She thought them interesting people on the whole, and felt quite sure she understood them better than did most of their fellow-creatures. Augustine was not liked one whit the less by her for being a skeptic, though, of course,

"one ought to take the other side in an argument," she reasoned.

Here the fierce bark of a dog interrupted her ruminations, as a great black creature, with glaring eyes, rushed through the doorway upon her.

"Niger! Here! Stop, you brute!"

Augustine sprang after him, seizing him by the collar. One look cowed the dog, but not before a blasphemous word or two escaped the lips of his master. The vicious creature had resented her seeming intrusion into the room of his lord. Tirzah was frightened, but not too frightened to be startled by the words Augustine had let fall. It was, perhaps, the first time in her life that she had heard blasphemy, and it was not part of her conception of a "gentle, refined infidel."

With October came another change in Tirzah's life, when her college career began. The dear old college days! Who can ever recall them without a shadow of fond regret? They were the same to Tirzah as to the rest of us—crowds of strange faces, black-gowned professors, choruses of song, applause of student feet, crowded receptions, where everybody tried to meet everybody else, hustle, bustle, cram and rush, late hours, concerts that Augustine lured her into attending, and hours of midnight toil to make up for lost time.

Surely her life of dreams had vanished. Yet there were dreams there, too—aspirations, awakening ambitions, all those impulses and stirrings within, that belong to the unfolding of youth. No wonder Tirzah changed rapidly. Her soft, dreamy eyes became what Amelia Barr calls "electric orbs, full of the dart and flash of thought." Her skilful fingers had twined her hair in the latest style, and her dress caught a new air of dignity from her present surroundings. Every hour, every minute of her time was given to improvement in some line or other, and outwardly, at least, the change was for the best.

She had been at Glendonan only a few weeks, when the news of Nellie Gray's death came in one of Granny Hurst's letters. It surprised her, though, how little sorrow she really felt. She only dressed for her drive, and went out amid the gaily dressed crowds, the high walls, and the din and clamour of Boston streets, with perhaps a trifle more of seriousness in her pensive eyes.

AN UITLANDER'S RIDE.

BY EDWARD S. BOND.

In the heart of the Banken Veldt, between the wild fastnesses of the Drakensberg and the slopes of the Lubombo Mountains, lay the farm of Erasmus Uys. This particular district was the famous corn and grazing belt of the Transvaal, as Maputa, the "apprentice" of Erasmus, knew to his cost.

It was high noon, and the rays of a vertical sun shone hot upon Maputa's bare head with its mat of woolly hair. His features were not prepossessing, for the lips were thick, the cheeks puffy, and his eyes obliquely shaped. Yet, to the close observer, there were not wanting redeeming traits, for his Zulu face betrayed humour, shrewdness, good-nature. Not that he felt especially good-natured at this particular moment, for since eight o'clock he had been toiling with the hoe among the rows of newly-planted Indian corn.

"Gott bedank!" exclaimed Maputa, relapsing into Dutch *patois*, as he counted the remaining rows and found them but four; and, Zulu-like, he squatted for a while behind a mimosa thorn, which entirely screened him from view.

Maputa was one of those Zulus who, in the reign of Panda, Cetewayo's father, had sided against Cetewayo in the struggle for the royal succession, and his faction having been well beaten in a battle on the banks of the Tugela, he had fled into Natal. Here he had caught the eye of the wily Erasmus, who, before trekking into the Transvaal, had apprenticed him body and soul, without pay, to weed, sow, reap, and tend his ever-increasing herds.

Maputa did not love Erasmus, and perhaps this was not strange. The Boer is an acquired taste—he does not command spontaneous affection; and Erasmus was no exception to the general rule. To begin with, his physique was repellant. The lithe and supple Zulu found nothing to admire in the large, loose-limbed and corpulent body of his Boer lord. In the kingdom of mind Maputa was at least his equal. He knew by sight many a healing herb, could describe in native nomenclature the varied animal life around him, and follow the spoor with unerring skill.

Erasmus knew his Bible, but nothing else. A descendant of the Calvinists of the Netherlands and the Huguenots of

France, he was Puritan to the core. The rustic seclusion in which he had passed his life, and long meditation on the Old Testament, had convinced him that the Boers were the chosen people, and that the blacks had been ordained from the beginning to draw water and hew wood. His Grondwet or constitutional law had so declared it, denying equality between black and white in Church or State.

But his contempt was not confined to the blacks. With him, all uitlanders were swindlers. He looked on their push and bustle with suspicious eye, reading in their increasing numbers a menace to his Promised Land of pastoral seclusion and a check to his "proper management" of the natives. The Book of Leviticus had said nothing about these interlopers on his privacy, therefore they must be Philistines. Virgin as was the soil of Erasmus's mind, it did not promise much fruit. In fact, his condition was one of being and resting rather than of growing and becoming. Such were the characteristics of Maputa's lord.

Rising from the lounge he had occupied since breakfast, Erasmus looked out of the window, and not perceiving Maputa at work, put on his veldtschoens,* and taking down an ox-whip from the wall, leisurely strolled into the mealie patch.

"Maputa, Maputa!" No answer. Then more loudly: "Maputa, you verdomnde black schepsel!"

This aroused the Zulu from his siesta: he got up and zealously recommenced hoeing, for the Boer's hand and whip were not light, and well Maputa knew it.

"You spawn of the Amalekite!" belovd Erasmus as he came close up to the Zulu, "how many rows have you weeded in the last hour?"

"The Koos† sees big field, and does he ask how many rows?" replied Maputa with native evasion.

"I'll teach you to go to sleep," exclaimed Erasmus, as he noticed where the grass under the thorn was beaten down; and raising his whip he struck Maputa savagely across the back and shoulders till he cried out with the pain of the blows

* Veldtschoens: A rough shoe made of skins tanned in a decoction of mimosa bark and worn by the Boers.

† Koos: Chief.

and begged for mercy. And he might have gone on appealing, had not the heat and exertion proved too much at last even for the phlegmatic Erasmus. Administering a parting kick, he bade him hoe the remaining rows and drive in the cattle for the night.

When he had gone, Maputa rose painfully from the ground where he had fallen. Tears stood in his eyes, but he brushed them impatiently away, and turned doggedly to his unpaid toil.

"How I hate him!" muttered he to himself, as he struck savagely with the hoe among the rank weeds, while green flies buzzed round him and settled on the red weals in his back. "If only the roobaatjes of the Great Incos* would come, and not go away as they did before, that would mean freedom for Maputa."

There had been rumours of late that this night happen, and less than a week ago, when the smouse had called with his pack from the neighbouring town, Maputa had overheard him telling Erasmus how troops were massing on the border. The thought brightened his face, a grin overspread it, and his white teeth gleamed. The remaining rows were soon cleared, and Maputa breathed a sigh of relief as he straightened his sore back and started to tramp after the herds.

Meanwhile Erasmus, full of righteous indignation, had gone back to his coffee and his vrouw Tanta. Clad in a dress of coarse cotton and close-fitting cap, her general appearance, unlike that of the Holland women, betrayed an antipathy to soap, a dislike which Erasmus fully shared. Perhaps the hot climate, fertile soil, and useful Maputa explained the anomaly. Whilst in Natal, Tanta had been obliged to do all the work of the farm, Erasmus's gifts lying more in the way of a general superintendence; but since Maputa's arrival she had led a comparatively idle life. A shrewd woman, having once tasted the sweets of leisure, she determined not to go back to the hoe. Always uneasy lest Maputa should vanish, she had more than once remonstrated with Erasmus on his treatment of the Zulu. Seeing her spouse come in now now with the ox-whip, she guessed what had happened, and said:

"Erasmus, the Zwaart will trek some fine morning, if you're too free with the sjambok."

"Woman," snarled the Boer, "you're as bad as a tsetse-fly—one everlasting

buzz. Keep your tongue tied, and leave me to manage the werft."*

There was a pause, and presently Tanta remarked: "The smouse was here to-day and said that the commandoes and veldt cornets are already called out, and Wakkerstroom is full of armed burghers."

"Are the cursed rooineks gathering?" asked Erasmus.

"He said there were a few hundreds at Newcastle, and that many are expected at Durban from some uitlander place."

"Yah, yah," sneered Erasmus, "the Old Woman is always sending, sending, but they don't come."

"But the smouse says they mean business this time."

"Let them," replied the Boer defiantly: "by the aid of the Lord we'll Majuba them yet."

"Don't you make too sartin' sure of that," said a voice, and the Voortrekker, turning his head, saw framed in the open doorway the huge form of Jack Rooke, a recent arrival in the country, who since the previous autumn had kept the neighbouring store. Erasmus looked with suspicion at the man, who, with a laugh, descended the stoep and tethered his horse to the acacia tree outside. The mere fact that Rooke was an uitlander was in the Boer's opinion quite a sufficient cause for mistrust; moreover, he had been at the werft more frequently of late than he liked.

"For why are yer not a-sarvin' on the local commando?" asked Rooke, having returned after making a tour of inspection round the house.

"Over sixty," replied the Boer surlily.

"Well now, I'd ha' thought as how the country 'ud need iv'ry man it can get."

"Perhaps it will be too hot for you presently," sneered Erasmus.

"Yer baint sich good shots as yer was since the big game's gone," remarked the uitlander, ignoring the other's suggestion.

"That's the fault of the Johannesburg swindlers with their gold-mines and music-halls; yet at the Wappenschouwing† held in Wakkerstroom only a week ago I saw a burgher break a bottle-neck at three hundred yards."

"A bottle-neck! That ain't good for nowt. It's a long call atween a bottle-neck and a springbok."

"Well, what's your business?" asked the Boer, irritated.

"Just this," answered the uitlander coolly, "you've gotten a Zulu here who

* Great Incos: Lieutenant-Governor, representing the Crown.

* Werft: Homestead.

† Wappenschouwing: A rifle contest.

ain't as happy as 'e shu'd be, an' so I've a-come for 'm."

"Maputa's my property," exclaimed the Boer, and scenting trouble, he signed to his vrouw, who went out.

"Why, did yer buy or beget 'm?" asked Rooke.

"Neither," said Erasmus sulkily: "he's apprenticed."

"'Prenticed, is 'e? I've 'eered of these same 'prentices afore. I reckon you'll soon hav' to drop that game."

"That's what you rooineks tried before. You took our apprentices and gave us nothing in return, so to get rid of your meddling we trekked up here from the Cape."

"An' I reckon yer'll just hav' to keep on a-trekkin' as yer call it."

"You threatened that before," replied Erasmus with a sneer, "but with the help of the Lord we sniped you off the land."

This home-thrust was unpalatable to Rooke. He took a step forward, towering above the bloated figure of the Boer, and there was a menace in his voice as he said: "I didn't come to argyfy; I'm here to bring away the nigger, and by thun'er I'll hav'm."

Erasmus moved towards the door, but Rooke was took quick for him and cut him off.

"You verdomnde verneuker!" cried the baffled Boer.

"I be astonned at you, as set up for a Dutch gen'lman and keeps a 'prentice, a-goin' on so undiggified like: yer allus passed for a Bible man, you did. Now, look y' here. I don't want no trouble over this job; give up the nigger, and mum's the word as to what I seen."

"What have you seen?" asked Erasmus, wishing to gain time.

"I seen yer a-beatin' the very life out of the critter not an hour agone down in the mealie patch."

"He was lazy and wouldn't work."

"Mebbe he were and mebbe he weren't; but where in your Ole Tes'a-ment as yer so mighty fond o' quotin' did yer find yer might treat niggers as cattle?"

The Boer was about to reply when Tanta returned and handed her spouse a loaded revolver.

"Accursed Engelschmann!" exclaimed Erasmus, advancing hand on trigger upon the unarmed uitlander, "the Lord hath delivered thee into mine hand."

There came a low chuckle from behind. Maputa had crept in unobserved by the vrouw, and just as Erasmus was about to fire, he struck up his elbow. The revolver exploded, the bullet lodging harmlessly

in one of the beams supporting the roof. In an instant Rooke had hurled himself on Erasmus, and by his superior weight borne him to the ground. Meanwhile, Tanta, frightened out of her wits, had gone out on to the stoep, where she was now uttering cries for help.

With Maputa's aid, the uitlander strapped Erasmus tightly to the heavy Dutch bedstead, and having bound and gagged Tanta, quickly mounted his horse, and placing Maputa behind, galloped off in the rain and gathering darkness across the veldt.

"Sit tight, Maputa. I reckon it's a matter of nigh on thirty mile, and no time to lose."

But to Maputa all sense of danger was lost in wild excitement; he could only think of one thing: he was going where Erasmus could not reach him. Could he but have executed a war-dance round the bedstead and tickled the Boer with the sjambok, his happiness would have been complete, but time would not admit of these frivolities.

Knowing the country was no longer safe for Englishmen, Rooke had planned his flight days before, but having heard frequent tales of Erasmus' brutality, he had delayed his departure, watching an opportunity to rescue Maputa, foreseeing that when the British advanced the Boer would probably shoot him. Still the risk was great, for the commandoes were out on all sides, and if he were sighted he might look for a short shrift. His horse was fresh and he kept him to his best pace, intending to skirt Wakkerstroom and seek the shelter of the Pagwana Hills, where he hoped to fall in with the small British garrison at Ingogo. But the veldt, soft and green at first with the spring rains, became shingle-strewn, necessitating caution as he advanced southward, so that the dawn found him still north of Wakkerstroom.

The rounded sandstone hills of Pagwana were already visible when he was seen by a party of Boers, and a chase began. They had the advantage, for their horses were fresh, but if he could hold out for four miles, he felt he might cheat them yet. His pursuers gained steadily, and he looked to the priming of his pistols, which, thanks to the saddle-flaps, were dry. Calling to Maputa to duck his head, Rooke turned in the saddle and, taking cool aim at the foremost Boer, fired. The latter threw up his arms, swayed slightly, lost his balance, and fell. For a minute or two the pursuit slackened and the fugitives drew

rapidly away, but as they rounded the first welcome spur, the shouts of the Boers urging on their horses came borne on the wind, and Rooke redoubled his efforts.

Right on the shoulder of the hill ahead was an abandoned quarry, round which were grouped several caves. Selecting one at random, Rooke and Maputa dismounted, dragging the exhausted but unwilling horse within. Bidding Maputa lead the animal farther up the cavern, Rooke sheltered himself behind a boulder, and whenever a Boer showed himself, picked him off with his rifle. The Boers, never fond of fighting at close quarters, having lost several of their number, drew off to consult, and the uitlander took advantage of the respite to strengthen his position. With Maputa's help he gathered a quantity of the debris with which the floor of the cave was strewn, and piled it across the entrance so as to prevent it being rushed. This done, the Boers could be kept at bay so long as his scanty ammunition lasted. But, even so, their position was grave, for the odds against them were a hundred to one. True, if driven to it the horse would afford them food, but to destroy it would greatly increase the difficulty of escape, and they had no water. The quarry which had given them shelter was in reality a death-trap, for the Boers held its only exit, and the hope which Rooke had cherished, that they would withdraw from sheer disgust at being unable to dislodge him, was quickly dispelled. From his look-out he could see them collecting dead brushwood, and their intentions soon became evident. A long rope lay on the ground; over this some brushwood was thrown, tied in a bunch, and the other end attached to the saddle-pommel, a horse started to draw the load toward the cave. This was repeated several times till the opening was almost choked, and all the while Rooke, resolute to reserve his powder, dared not fire a shot. Then came a pause in the operations outside, while many of the Boers refreshed themselves from their wallets. In his hunger Maputa had betaken himself to the saddle-bags, and having fished out some biltong* and hard biscuit, was now squatting beside Rooke contentedly munching his share.

As the darkness came on, Rooke could see groups of men furtively creeping up to the cave. One of them carrying a lighted torch stooped as though to exam-

ine the ground. There was a hissing sound as of a snake, followed by the crackling of burning sticks. The fiends had fired the powder-train which led to the pile of brushwood. A broad tongue of flame shot upward, illumining the sandstone quarry and revealing a hundred uncouth figures leaning on rifles. The wind drove the smoke in thick, resinous volumes into the cave, and Rooke fell back, calling to Maputa with half-choked voice. The horse snorted and plunged in the tainted air, but there was no chance of saving him, and the gallant brute that had borne them so well was left to his fate.

Farther into the dense gloom of the cave pressed Rooke and Maputa; narrower and narrower grew the walls and lower the roof as the ground sloped upwards. The smoke-wreaths scudded past them, a blinding and suffocating blast from the furnace behind. Rooke expected every moment to come to the end of the passage, but as they advanced and the smoke thinned, a faint hope stirred in him that there might be some outlet on the other side of the hill. Groping with his fingers along the wall of rock, and holding Maputa by the other hand, Rooke suddenly turned a sharp corner to the left. Striking a light, he saw the columns of smoke sweeping past him, drawn on apparently by some powerful suction. His spirits rose. Behind them lurked the death that had already overtaken his horse; in front might be life and liberty for them both. He would at least make a bold bid for them.

The air had grown less stifling now, but the roof gradually lowered and the passage became more narrow, compelling them to stoop and proceed in Indian file. After a while Rooke struck another match, and saw Maputa in front, now crawling on hands and feet, and in the flickering light the walls of the tunnel glistening with ooze and slime. The hiss of the burning match, as it fell at his feet, warned him that water was near. Dropping on all fours, and reluctantly abandoning his rifle, he called to the Zulu to go slowly. Thus they kept on painfully through the impenetrable gloom, with many a blow from the roof above, their hands and feet cut by the sharp wet gravel of the cave bottom. Presently Maputa cried out to Rooke to stop and listen. The sound of running water could be distinctly heard. Both now crept forward with the utmost caution, keeping close together. A glimmer of ghostly light stole upon them and ice-

* Biltong: Strips of dried game flesh.

cold water began to play about their hands and feet. The light grew apace as they proceeded, the water deepening, while the roof rose and the bed of the cavern sloped downward. Ahead of him Rooke could dimly see Maputa, now wading waist-deep in the swirling water, now clinging for rest to the huge boulders which abutted from the walls of sandstone rock. Suddenly the Zulu disappeared round a projecting boulder and Rooke heard a shrill cry. Almost at the same moment the force of the current carried him off his feet and swept him round the corner like a wisp of straw into a wide basin of calm water. Right in front the tunnel ended in an irregular arch through which the welcome stars shone. They had, in fact, struck one of sources of the Slang River, the water percolating through the sandstone strata and accumulating in the impervious bed of the cave. In a few minutes both had swum through the arch and scrambled ashore.

Exhausted from want of food and the prolonged exertion, chilled to the bone by the icy water, with horse, rifle and pistols gone, they nevertheless did not venture to stay where they were. Dawn on that bare terraced plateau might bring discovery and death.

After a slight rest, Rooke struck off at right angles to the trend of the Slang Valley, which he knew ran north-westerly to Charleston, hoping to reach Ingogo, about eight miles off, while darkness lasted. From time to time he turned to encourage Maputa, who, half dead, lagged farther and farther behind. The Zulu lacked the dogged tenacity of the Anglo-Saxon, moreover his apprenticeship to Erasmus had crushed out his spirit. Rooke was frequently obliged to wait for him to come up, and at last, when rather more than half the distance was covered,

not seeing him follow, he turned back and found him squatting on the ground. "Maputa can trek no farther," he sobbed as Rooke vainly endeavoured to urge him. There was nothing for it but to carry him. How could he leave him there to perish but for whose cunning he might have even now have been lying like a dog with a bullet in his brain? But he spoke sharply enough as he stooped to raise him on his shoulders, bidding him cling to his neck and keep quiet. For well he knew the Boer's tactics, and how he loves to pot his quarry from behind cover. In this manner, then, Rooke crept with his burden over the final range which separated him from Ingogo, though with frequent stoppages to rest and listen. But luck was with him, and as the first streaks of dawn showed behind, Rooke struggled into Ingogo.

Truly, they made a sorry picture enough: the uitlander, surrounded by a crowd, with haggard face and torn clothing, briefly telling his tale, while the naked Zulu stood by, with teeth chattering from the cold, his eyes well-nigh starting out of his head. But food puts life even into a black, and the Zulu's tongue was quickly wagging, so that the whole camp soon heard the full details of the rescue which else they might never have known, Rooke being a modest sort, not given to self-advertisement.

And the end of it all was that, in spite of protests, he had to submit to be carried through the town in triumph, for had he not outwitted the "slim" Dutchmen? That in itself was a feat, let alone anything else. So at any rate thought the crowd as they cheered themselves hoarse. And for many a night the sole talk around camp-fires was of the plucky uitlander's ride and how he and Maputa cheated the Boers.—*Good Words.*

AT REST.

They're all asleep to-night, they're all asleep!
Those on the hillside, where the cypress-trees
O'erdroop the weather-darkened stones; and these
Where love can still watch over them and keep
Her anxious vigil, lest they wake and weep.
The coverlet moves lightly here; Love sees.
The grasses out there in the midnight breeze
Stir softly; but their wards lie calm and deep.

Hush! lest thou wake these; and hush! a tear
For those so cold and silent on the hill.
But whether these shall rise to laugh or weep
Or whether those, without a waking fear,
Shall still dream on and on, through joy and ill,
Safe in His arms to-night, they're all asleep.

The World's Progress.

A SONG OF THE WHITE MEN.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

BLOEMFONTEIN, April 9th.

Now this is the cup the White Men drink
When they go to right a wrong,
And that is the cup of the old world's hate—
Cruel and strained and strong.

We have drunk that cup—and a bitter,
bitter cup—
And tossed the dregs away,
But well for the world when the White
Men drink
To the dawn of the White Man's day.

Now, this is the road that the White Men
tread
When they go to clean a land—
Iron underfoot and levin overhead,
And the deep on either hand.

We have trod that road—and a wet and
windy road—

Our chosen star for guide,
Oh, well for the world when the White
Men tread
Their highway side by side.

Now, this is the faith that the White Men
hold
When they build their homes afar :
“Freedom for ourselves and freedom for
our sons,
And, failing freedom, War.”

We have proved our faith—bear witness to
our faith,
As we enter this new domain,
Dear souls, for the world when the White
Men join
To prove their faith again !

—*The Friend.*



GENERAL FRENCH.

LAUS DEO ! MAFEKING SAVED.

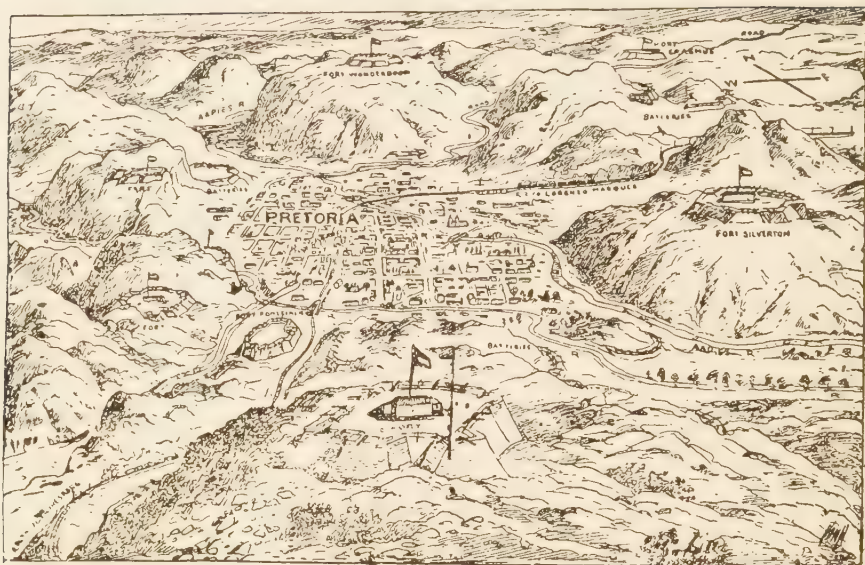
With bated breath the Empire has
awaited tidings of the doom of Mafeking.
Hope and fear alternated. For months
its fate hung trembling in the balance.

Stormed at with shot and shell, beleaguered
by hosts of cruel, crafty, remorseless foes,
wasted with famine and fever, still that
lone outpost of empire, with a courage
that never faltered or failed, held out for
seven long months, “and ever upon the
topmost roof the banner of England flew !”

But not forgotten were they by their
comrades and their country. Over nine
hundred miles of brown veldt, fording
rapid rivers, storming entrenched kopjes,
forcing serried ranks of foes, succour came
at last ; and from the remotest hamlet of
the Empire goes up the glad thanksgiving,
“Glory to God !”

ROBERTS' ADVANCE.

The supreme genius of the British
Field-Marshal is seen in his rapid march
from Bloemfontein to Kroonstad. The
British public had become almost im-
patient with his long delay after his ad-
vance from the Orange River to the Free
State capital. But the brave old soldier,
unhasting, unresting, biding his time,
accumulated the immense supply of
stores, remounts and reinforcements re-
quired for a forward movement, and sup-
pressed the counter-strokes of Wepener,
Reddersburg, and Dewetsdorp. When
he was ready, not before, he moved on,
by one of the most wonderful marches on
record, to Brandfort, Winburg, Venters-
burg and Kroonstad, driving the Boers
like chaff from a threshing-floor.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE DEFENCES OF PRETORIA.

The supreme credit of this rapid advance is that it was almost a bloodless one. By strategic movements, and not by frontal attacks, the Boers were outflanked and out-maneuvred at every turn. Their elaborate entrenchments at many strong positions were rendered untenable, and with comparatively few casualties, either in his own ranks or the ranks of the Boers, these great victories have been won. Thank God that the carnage of Magersfontein and the Tugela, both Boer and Briton, were not repeated.

Let us hope that the misguided Boer leaders will see the futility of prolonging this wretched war. Like desperate gamblers they staked their all upon its hazards and must now accept its issues. They counted upon widespread revolt in Cape Colony, the aid of thousands of military mercenaries from every nation in Europe, and upon early intervention on their behalf. In one of these they succeeded. In a recent action, among the forces captured were Russian, German and French mercenaries. It was not the Boers the British were fighting, but the desperadoes of Europe. We wonder how the simple-minded, pious Boers explain their lying tactics of promising a pound a day for the war and a farm at the close to these mercenary troops, many of whom now bitterly resent their deception.

GENERAL FRENCH.

General French, whose clear-cut features are well presented in our portrait, has met the Boers with a mobility greater than their own. Almost living on horseback, and with ample supply of remounts, in a broken country, every kopje and spruit of which they know, small wonder that they were able to harass the widely-scattered British forces, and to cut off here a convoy, there a straggling party. But General French has changed all that, and his rapid movements, sleepless vigilance, and British dash and daring, which has been so well seconded by the Canadian and colonial mounted infantry, has contributed in no small degree to the success of the British movements.

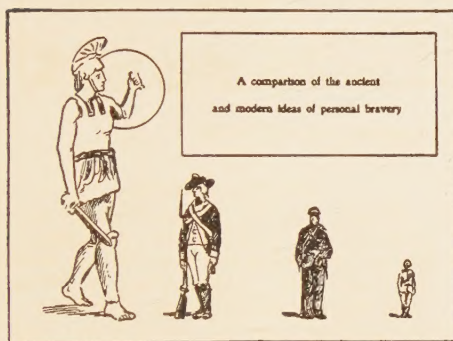
PRETORIA.

Our bird's-eye view of the Transvaal capital shows by what a sea of mountains it is surrounded, by what a girdle of forts it is defended. Here for years the best engineers of Europe have been constructing fortresses and arming them with the best modern artillery—fraudulently imported as mining machinery and paid for with British gold, wrung by injustice from the Outlanders—and manned by ablest Prussian, French, and Russian artillerists. But we venture to say that all these devices will prove ineffective

against the forces of the Boers' lawful suzerain, the Queen. Neither will it require a siege as long as that of the tiny garrison of Mafeking to place the grand old Union Jack where the Boer banner floats in the foreground of the accompanying cut.

THE BOER ENVOYS.

The Boer peace envoys, receiving the cold shoulder in every court in Europe, have turned to the United States for succour. In their mission of peace they would gladly precipitate a war that would indeed stagger humanity, between the two great English-speaking nations of the world. But here, too, their nefarious and desperate game is too late. Yellow journals like the Philadelphia *Times* may work up the unthinking enthusiasm of a



COMPARATIVE LOSSES IN BATTLE IN
ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES.

In the time of Cæsar about fifty per cent. of the participants were killed. In the Napoleonic wars about twenty-five cent. were killed and wounded, in the Civil War about twenty per cent., and in the British Boer War less than ten per cent.—*Home Magazine*.

lot of school-children, and send a special envoy to Kruger with their message of sympathy, but it will avail him little. The crafty old marplot may try to play off the Republicans against the Democrats, and *vice-versa*, in their presidential election, but the American people will not make their nation the catspaw to pull Kruger's chestnuts out of the fire.

The treachery and brutality of the Boers in using the white flag as a decoy behind which concealed assassins shoot down British officers, place them outside the pale of civilization. Such cowardly cruelty is not war, it is murder. The United States cannot become allies of such brutality, even though the Boers should pray for annexation to the great Republic.

We doubt not that there are extreme fanatics in both political parties who would set the universe on fire to gain a partisan triumph, but the common-sense of the nation will not repeat the electioneering blunder of President Cleveland. The tumble in stocks of hundreds of millions was too significant a lesson to the monied interests of the United States.

We cannot wonder either that certain American doctrinaires are carried away by sympathy with the miscalled Boer Republics, when a scholar and historian like Professor Goldwin Smith, and an able editor like Mr. Stead, are found espousing their cause. Professor Smith can discourse with wise philosophy on the history of the Empire, but in his prediction that this South African war has driven the last nail into the coffin of the Imperial Federation he has shown how perilous it is to prophesy. Mr. Stead has lost almost all the influence he ever had in England, but has the poor satisfaction of giving aid and comfort to her enemies in arms against the Queen.

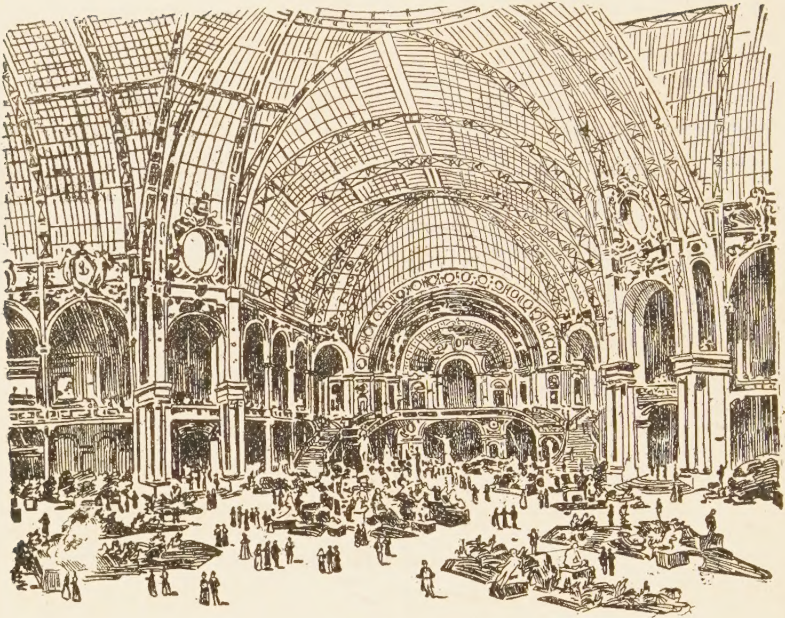
BOERS AND FILIPINOS.

Certain American critics denounce bitterly what they term the cruel slaughter of the Boers. As a matter of fact there never was a war of such magnitude waged with so few casualties. The accompanying diagram shows the contrast between the present war and those of earlier times. The wary and wily Boers will fight only when they are safe in their trenches or on their kopjes. They are good at ambushes, at the treacherous use of the white flag, and shelling women's laagers, and using the Zulus as a screen to protect them in action; but they are incapable of the reckless bravery that marked the onrush of the British troops at the Tugela, Spion Kop, and Magersfontein.

This accusation comes with singularly bad grace from yellow journals that exult in the victories of Dewey's ironclads, against the Spanish wooden walls when Manila was captured without the cost of a single American soldier or sailor; and when, two years after, in a war waged with a few thousands of half-naked semi-savages, armed with bows and arrows, bolas and obsolete guns, the slaughter of hundreds of these misguided but brave people is still perpetrated almost every week.

TWO AMERICAS.

We must remember that there are two Americas, the intelligent, high-minded, God-fearing American people, and the riffraff and offscouring of Europe who,



INTERIOR OF THE GRAND PALACE, AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

invested with the privilege of the franchise, nurse their bitter prejudice against Great Britain and become the prey of reckless politicians. The generous sympathy of the former with the famine-stricken millions of India and with the fire-swept cities of Ottawa and Hull, are a demonstration of the international goodwill which we believe widely prevails. The frothy declamation of the hustings and ward meetings and jingo journals are what we chiefly hear.

A PLEDGE OF PEACE.

Amid the bruits of war which have filled the world, it is gratifying to know that there are counter forces at work for peace—the Mission Ecumenical, the Methodist General Conference, the peaceful gathering of the nations on the banks of the Seine. The last is, at least, a pledge that peace will be maintained throughout the summer. By that time, let us hope, all danger arising from the South African crisis will have passed away. But for the restraining influence of this world's fair and the enormous monied interests which it represents, it would have been difficult for the French Government to restrain the fighting instincts of the perfervid “patriots” of the boulevards, and the machinations of the Jesuits and monarchists who hate the Republic and desire its overthrow.

Our larger cut shows the great hall in the Palace of Peace at the Exposition. Along the banks of the historic Seine are ranged the picturesque buildings representing the different nations. Our small cut presents that of the German Empire, modelled after one of the old Rath Houses, or town halls of a mediæval German city.

“NEVER AGAIN.”

Mr. Chamberlain's plain words at Birmingham, on May 12th, but express the feeling of the British Empire: “While the Government do not wish to be vindictive, they are determined that never again shall the republics be a nursery of conspiracy, and they will see that justice is done to those who are determined to be loyal. The Government is not prepared to recognize the independence of the Boer republics, and we are determined that the republics shall be finally incorporated under the British flag. For an interval they must be a crown colony such as India is, but we hope they will eventually become a great self-governing colony like Canada and Australia.”

This decision, we believe, will eventually win the approval of other lands and of after ages. If Britain has erred, it has been on the side of leniency to these vassal, so-called republics. She has shown them a magnanimity which they

